

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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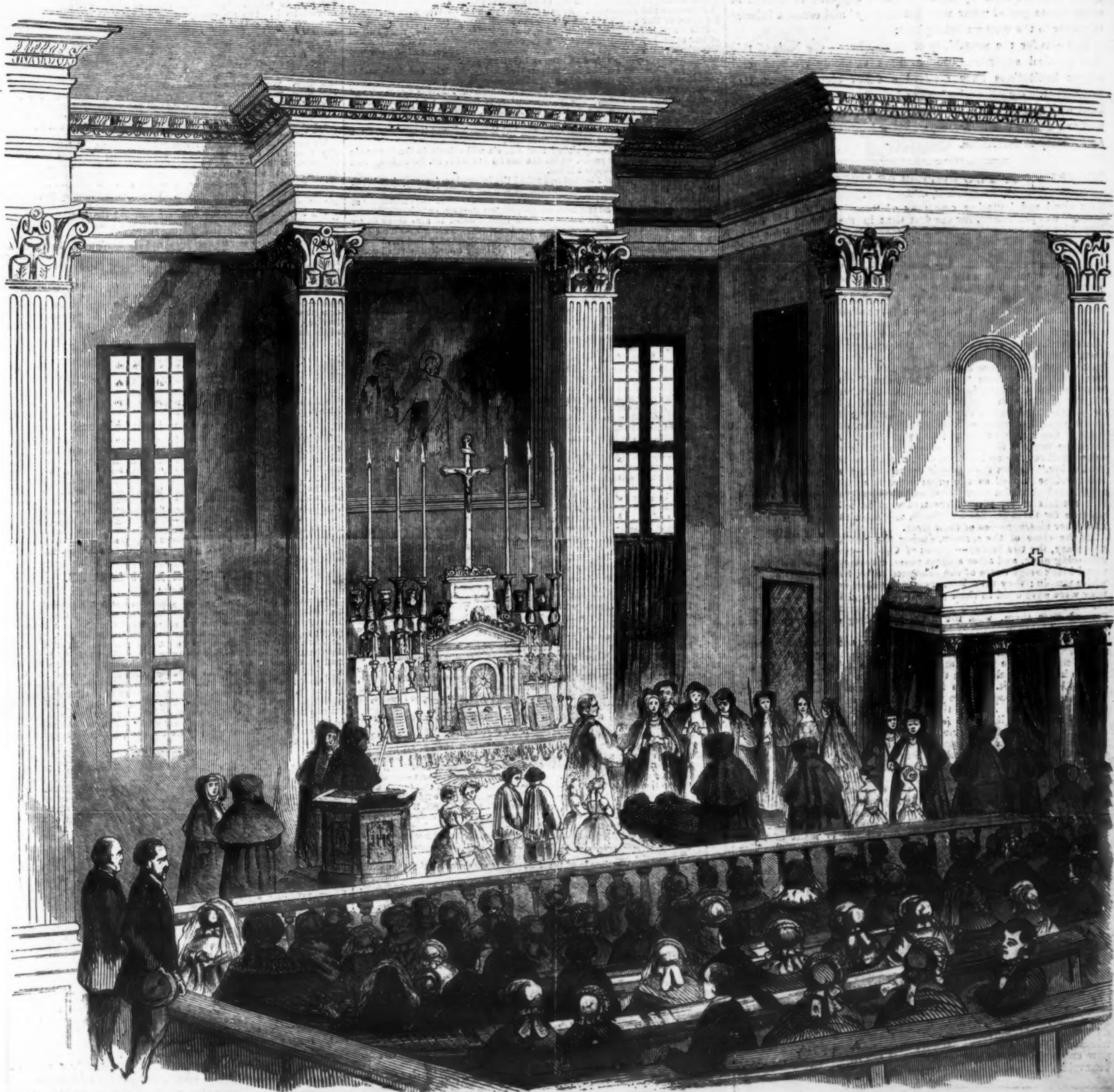
### AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF EMPIRES.—FALL OF THE BLACK CÆSAR.

THE overthrow of Soulouque is an event which forms such a natural climax to his strange career, that it will excite no surprise in the minds of political observers. There is, in fact, so much of the fantastic and ridiculous, not only in the character of the man, but in the anomalous institutions over which he presided, that it is scarcely possible to speak seriously of either him or them. And yet, seeing the important political schemes of which

he was made the instrument, the consequences involved in his fall demand some consideration at our hands.

It has long been matter of surprise that this absurd parody on imperial forms should have been tolerated by foreign governments, seeing the disposition that it had to run riot, and indulge in sanguinary excesses. The cruel design of exterminating the whole of the Mulatto population of Hayti, which Faustin was only prevented from carrying into effect by the energetic representations of M. Reybaud, the French Consul, and the frequent attempts made by him against the independence of

St. Domingo, would in themselves have been a sufficient justification for putting an extinguisher on this blood-thirsty barbarian. Unquestionably if there had not been other interests involved in his government, he would long since have ceased to alternately disgust and amuse the world by his African antics. England and France had, however, projects in view, in which Faustin was allotted a prominent part. Since the ruin of her West Indian possessions by the emancipation of the blacks the former has been gradually preparing for their relinquishment. They have ceased to be a source of any material benefit to her, and in



EXTRAORDINARY CROWD AT THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. PETER'S, BALTIMORE. FROM A DAGUERROTYPE, BY J. H. WHITEHURST, OF BALTIMORE.



the event of any difficulty occurring with this country, they must become a cause of the greatest anxiety and embarrassment. We have lately had an illustration of this, in the prompt measures taken to reinforce the West Indian squadron, on the appearance of the first cloud that enveloped the relations of the two countries in regard to the enlistment difficulty. Now if England should be compelled to abandon her West Indian Islands, it is evident that sailing a commercial, she will endeavor to maintain a political interest in them. Jealous of the rapidly increasing power and overshadowing influence of the United States, she will seek to oppose limits to them wherever she can. We have seen on the Central American question how tenacious she is of this policy. She prefers to incur the imputation of bad faith in the construction of treaties rather than renounce the foothold which she has obtained in Honduras. She foresees that in the event of any future struggle with us, it will be of the greatest importance to her to be able at any time to break the chain of our communication with our distant states and territories. This is the whole motive of her persistency in the unfair and dishonest interpretation which she has put on the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

But it will be asked what object she has to gain by the curious policy which in connection with France she has pursued in the affairs of Hayti? The same which has dictated her proceedings in regard to Cuba. It is well known that it has long been a distinct understanding between England and Spain that in the event of the latter not being able to retain possession of Cuba, the island should be given up to the blacks. The West Indian colonies of Great Britain are destined to a similar fate, the whole being intended to form dependencies of the Haytian empire under the guarantee of the European powers. This scheme preposterous as it may seem at first sight has nevertheless been seriously contemplated. We have had abundant evidences of it in the case of Cuba, and more recently still in the defeat of the American treaty with St. Domingo. Of nothing are the English and French governments so jealous as any attempt on the part of this country to strengthen its influence in the latter republic, inasmuch as it would interfere with the execution of its pet project of a nigger confederation in the Antilles. Such was the grand political lever by which England expected to impede at some future period "our manifest destiny" and create a balance of power in the western hemisphere.

But alas for the mutability of human hopes, the basis of this fine political superstructure has been suddenly removed, and nigger institutions have received a death blow in the fall of Soulouque. How the wise heads who guide the councils of England and France will endeavor to supply this loss to civilization and to their political interests, we must leave to Lord Palmerston and history to determine.

#### RECEPTION OF TWO SISTERS OF MERCY, ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BALTIMORE.

THE novel and imposing ceremony of "receiving two Sisters of Mercy" was performed, for the first time in the United States, on Dec. 21st ult., at the Church of St. Peter's, located at the junction of Poppleton and Hollins streets, Baltimore. The church was crowded to overflowing long before the hour appointed for the ceremony to commence. During a fine voluntary on the organ, the procession entered from the chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, designated by the lattice work, in the following order: First walked three very beautiful young ladies, dressed in pure white, the first one carrying a large gilt cross, elevated on a long rod, the other two holding lighted candles in their hands. Next came fourteen little girls, apparently about six years old, likewise dressed in white, having wreaths of flowers on their heads, and bearing baskets of flowers; then followed six nuns in their usual black dresses and hoods, and immediately after these came the two novitiates, each attended by a nun, who is her chosen "mother superior;" the two young ladies were arrayed as brides, in white satin dresses, and flowing veils, with orange blossoms in their hair. All carried lighted candles, and took their places inside the chancel, where the priests were already in their gorgeous robes of lace and silk. The mass was then celebrated, the music performed was perfection. A sermon followed, from the text: "Whosoever giveth up father and mother for my sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and in the world to come everlasting life." From these words he attempted to show the duty of the novitiates before him were described to the congregation as having by this act laid up for themselves treasures in heaven, which would procure for them eternal happiness, and more than counter-balance any other discrepancies of their lives.

At the close of the sermon, during the performance of another voluntary, the two brides—brides of Christ—were led out by their attending nuns, and after a short absence re-entered, attired in the usual black serge dress of the professed nuns, having veils of thick white muslin; they then knelt before the altar and rose again, when they were enveloped in their grave clothes, and laid upon their faces for about ten minutes, during which time burial service was performed over them, with the usual sprinkling of holy water and burning of incense.

They were then lifted up from their graves, and the strange ceremony ended by their kissing all the Sisters belonging to their company, first on one cheek and then on the other, and then the procession left the church in the same order in which it entered.

The Church of St. Peter's is of the Ionic order of architecture, and was erected about twelve years ago, at an expense of forty thousand dollars. The Pastor, the Rev. Mr. McColgan (to whom we are under many obligations for his attentions to our artists while daguerreotyping the interior of his church) has brought the arrangement of the altar and its adornments to such completeness, that the whole is considered a model for beauty, combined with moderate cost. The pulpit seen in front of the altar, is a relic of great value, being the same one which was used in the first Roman Catholic cathedral built in Baltimore. At the side of the altar, is "the Chapel of the Sisters of Mercy" (designated as we have already stated by the lattice work guarding its entrance) which is the only one in this country. Connected with this church, these Sisters have an educational establishment. The altar itself is made of white marble, with a lamb and cross sculptured on the front panel. The Tabernacle above the altar, also made of white marble, is the work of a young American, and is remarkable for the artistic taste and finish which are displayed. Above the altar, is a very large and beautiful painting representing a scene in the life of Jesus Christ, by Lockwood. At the right of this and above the chapel is another large painting representing the Ascension of Mary; and opposite this last, over the robing-room is another large painting representing the death of Mary.

**ENGLISH BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.**—Elihu Burritt has compiled a table of the amount contributed to the English Benevolent Societies for the last year. This does not include the Scotch or Irish: Bible Societies, £230,616; Foreign Missions, £544,006; Irish Mission, £42,147; Home Missions, £153,694; Educational Societies, £73,512; Benevolent Societies, £127,633; Miscellaneous, £57,637. Total, £1,236,644. This amount—more than six millions of dollars—contributed in the midst of the expense of the war in which England is now engaged, is a striking testimony to the hold which these great benevolent enterprises have upon the British mind.

#### LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

##### EUROPE.

By the arrival of the Baltic at this port we have files and letters from Liverpool to the 12th inst. The news though not of a decisive character, is interesting.

By a despatch from Berlin under date of the 11th., we learn that the impression prevailed there that the reply of Russia to Count Esterházy's propositions is far from a decided negative. In other accounts it is asserted that Count Nesselrode had declared to M. de Seebach, that in his opinion Russia has made, in the circular of 22d December, the last concessions she ought or would consent to.

It is stated that the first period allowed to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg for deliberation on the Austrian propositions has been extended from the 5th to the 8th inst., and the second period from the 8th to the 16th.

We learn by telegraphic despatches from Vienna and Berlin that Count Stackelberg, who was the bearer of the Russian reply to the proposals of the Allies had left St. Petersburg, and was expected to arrive at Vienna about the 13th or 14th inst.

Accounts have been received in Paris from Marshal Pelissier, announcing that on the 26th ult. the French army surprised a Russian outpost, when eighteen Russians, including the commander, were killed, and eighteen others taken prisoners, and a quantity of arms captured. The French sustained no casualties either killed or wounded.

On the 22d December the French blew up one of the five docks of Sebastopol, and reduced that fine work to a heap of ruins. The Russians had increased their fortifications over Inkermann, and had unmasked new batteries on the left of the Tcheranaya. Marshal Pelissier does not leave the Crimea. General De La Marmora will act as his proxy in the Council of War at Paris.

The Russian preparations for defence are prosecuted with an energy and expense almost incredible. The appointment of Prince Menschikoff to the command at Constantinople is merely an indication of the predominance of the old Russian party. He will be under the surveillance of Admirals Pannutine and Novosilsky, with the assistance of the best officers lately at Sebastopol.

From Erzerum under date of Dec. 12, we learn that the Russian army took up its position at Kara, on Monday, the 2d of December. The troops have been quartered in the town; and a small division of about two thousand men, consisting of Cossacks and Irregular Kurds, have been left at Sobardiy Daghi, where it occupied the fortifications erected in June last by Gen. Mourakieff. Yeni Keul, a village some fifty-four miles from Erzerum, on the road to Kara, is likewise occupied by the Russians, who have there collected their large stores of wheat, rye, and barley. It appears that the Russian general is apprehensive that Selim Pasha is coming to attack Kara, for he has concentrated all his forces at that spot, and has left at Alexandrinople only a weak garrison, hardly strong enough to do the duties of the citadel. The Turkish force under the command of Selim Pasha, are still encamped in the mountains of Derch Bogou. There is no fear of the Russians attempting now a coup de main against Erzerum. The exhaustion of the troops and the state of the roads forbid it.

Omer Pasha has fallen back on Redout Kalsh. The reduction of Kara has rendered him unpopular at Constantinople, and his recall was discussed, but voted impossible. His army, when near Kutais, was for two days without supplies, on account of freshets in the river, and being unable to advance, he deemed it prudent to return. Seventy ships are now loading at Constantinople with supplies and munitions for Souchev Keli. Halim Pasha has arrived at Erzerum, where reinforcements are being collected. Letters from Gen. Williams report his arrival at Gumri, in good health. The grossest peculation and mismanagement took place with the provisioning of Kara, and what little was done was entirely due to the exertions of Gen. Williams and the English officers. The garrison before Kara has been taken place at Kara, at which the Emperor Napoleon and Gen. Canrobert will assist. The representatives of England, viz.—The Duke of Cambridge, Sir E. Lyons, Sir R. Airey, Sir H. Jones, Admiral Dundas, have also arrived in the French metropolis.

The precise day of meeting was not fixed, but it was believed it would be some time between the 11th and 15th of this month.

It is once more confidently stated that Austria will submit to the Germanic Diet the propositions for peace, which she has forwarded to St. Petersburg, and will call on the Diet to support them.

The French Minister of Finance has raised the interest on treasury bonds one per cent. It is inferred from this that there will not be another French loan for some time. In London, on the contrary, rumor asserts that the Chancellor of the Exchequer contemplates a loan for £20,000,000 sterling, or \$150,000,000.

The naval authorities of Cherbourg have been ordered to arm three screw liners and three sailing frigates, which are to be ready for the opening of the campaign in the Baltic in April next. These three ships are the *Acrole*, 90 guns, and 900 horse power, the armament of which is nearly completed; the *Donauwerth*, 90 guns, which is to be converted into a screw ship, and is already undergoing that transformation, although she only arrived from the Mediterranean twelve days ago; and the *St. Louis*, 90 guns, launched at Brest on the 26th of April last, which is at present on her way from Toulon. Independently of these three ships, which are to be fitted out with all possible expedition, Cherbourg is to arm the war screw transport *Yonne*, of 1,500 tons, the vessel of the Iceland station, and the five bomb vessels and the twelve steam gunboats which have returned from the last campaign in the Baltic, and are to form part of a formidable French expedition which is to operate in that sea next spring.

The *London Times* of January 8th, says:—A meeting of Ecuador bondholders took place to-day, when a series of resolutions was passed authorizing the necessary steps for insuring the insertion in the Stock Exchange official list of the Consolidated Ecuadorian bonds, and Provisional bonds or land warrants, and Peruvian four-and-a-half per cent dollar bonds, issued in discharge of the debt of the republic of Ecuador. With regard to the latter, it is stated that representations will be made to the authorities at Lima to allow the dividends to be paid at New York upon the exhibition of the coupon, and not to enforce the production of the bond, as at present stipulated, since it will increase the expense of insurance.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, writing on January 9, says:—It was, I think, some time since that the government of the United States of America had made a treaty with the Shah of Persia, and that they proposed to guarantee his territory on this side of the Persian Gulf. I believe such a treaty has been entered into, but it is certain that advances of the most friendly description have been made. Russia is also intriguing very hard with the Shah, and it is unfortunate that, at such a moment, when his favor is eagerly sought by these two powers, a suspension of diplomatic relations with England should have taken place.

A Madrid despatch of January 5th says:—The protest of the Catalans against the re-establishment of the tariffs was yesterday presented to the Cortes. The Duchess of Roca, mother-in-law of the late Duke of Sotomayor, died the day after him. The funeral of the Duke was suitable to his rank and station; his corpse had been previously embalmed. Captain-General Canas, of the navy, has just died. D. Francisco Armeroy Fenerande will succeed him in that dignity. The Cortes has completed the constitution. The naval estimates, as proposed by the Ministry, have been adopted, and the budget has been nearly got through. Señor Olazabal left for Vico (Logrono), and, having spent a little time there, will go on to Paris.

The Prussian Ministry is getting exceedingly nervous about a threatened general blockade of the Baltic by the Allied powers. It is said that one part of Colonel Manteuffel's mission to Vienna is to ascertain whether Austria will give her support to Prussia in case of such a violation of her neutrality. Meanwhile, Prussia is redoubling her efforts to induce Russia to come to terms. The King of Holland has added his efforts to those of his relative, the King of Prussia, to urge on the Czar the necessity and policy of peace.

The Council of War had assembled in Paris, at the Tuilleries under the Presidency of the Emperor.

The Copenhagen conference opened on the 4th under the presidency of Mr. Tegobinski, the Russian commissioner. The French and English envoys were present. The meeting adjourned without any thing particular having been done.

The Danish government is said to have lost all hope of effecting a compromise on this question, and is in a state of the greatest embarrassment and disunion as to the course to be pursued towards the flag of the United States on its first attempting to pass Kronenborg duty free after the expiration of the present treaty. It is naturally enough feared that the attempt, if successful, will be limited by other nations, and the example become widely contagious. It is even affirmed that the Danish authorities have at least deliberated upon the plan of letting the Americans through unmolested, but of keeping an account against them for presentation when the subject of the Sound Dues shall have been adjusted.

Advices from Constantinople of the 31st ult. announce that a committee has been appointed for investigating the Kara affair.

The Danish Government has issued a circular to the various European States, renewing the declaration of her continuing a neutral power, and declining to admit that she is any way bound by the recent treaty between Sweden and the Western Powers.

The Council of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce had received a letter from the Earl of Clarendon, stating that government had the subject of the abolition of the Sound dues under its consideration. The annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of Liverpool will be held early in February, when it is expected some definite information on the matter will be laid before the members.

The return for the Bank of England for the week ending the 5th January showed the amount of notes in circulation to be £18,900,805, being an increase of £200,190; and the stock of bullion in both departments £10,536,909, being a decrease of £282,354, when compared with the preceding return.

Baring's Circular, of the 11th inst., says:—For American stocks the demand still continues very limited. A small parcel of Virginia sterling 5's has been done at 51½, and of Pennsylvania 5's bonds at 80; there are buyers of the certificates at 72, ex. div., with none on sale. Canada 6's, 106/100, ex. div.

The Bank of France returns for the past month, published to-day, exhibit

much disappointment. Notwithstanding the extraordinary extent of the remittances from this side, the bullion, which in the previous returns had at length shown a slight recovery, has now experienced a renewed falling off of £772,000, the total stock having been reduced to £17,880,000. Consols had experienced another slight decline being quoted at the official close at 86½ to 87. The non-political public is greatly excited by a most extraordinary case of suspected poisoning. A surgeon by the name of Palmer is supposed to have poisoned people on a large scale, and it is even suspected that the late Lord George Bentinck fell a victim. Palmer is a sporting character, and the present suspicions have arisen from an accusation of his having poisoned a man to whom he owed large sums on a bet.

##### HONDURAS.

Advices from Honduras have been received at Boston. No dates are given. It is stated, however, that Cabanas was reported to be on the frontier, with four hundred Americans and one thousand native troops, en route to recover Honduras—to wrest it from the grasp of Lindo. It is also stated that Guardiola will not oppose them. It is thought that all this is anticipatory.

##### CUBA.

By way of New Orleans we have advices from Havana to the 18th inst. There was no political news stirring. Mlle. Rachel had not left for Europe. The sugar market was active, and the supply equal to the demand. The weather had been the coldest ever known in Cuba.

##### MEXICO.

The steamship *Texas* arrived at New Orleans on the 11th, with news from Mexico dated at Vera Cruz on the 8th inst. Comonfort's cabinet still hung together, but its near dissolution was manifest, from a host of vacillating and contradictory decrees issued daily, which were not even read by the people. A despotic press law had been enacted, and several editors had been thrown into prison under its provisions. Tegollado and Uruga, were still in opposition to Comonfort. General Elencarte had been deprived of his political command in Lower California, and a sort of general anarchy prevailed all over Mexico.

It was thought that Ceballos—now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—would soon head a healthy movement, and that he would open the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to the competition of the world—establish a national bank—install a moderate tariff—let the priests alone—shoot all revolutionists, and exclude foreigners from the military and civil honors of the country. Generals La Llave and Wheat had marched to Tlincanque, in order to put down Guilan (the father of pronunciados), but they made a retreat without attacking him.

##### HAYTI.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* of the 22d inst. gives the following:—From Capt. Larnaby, of the schooner *Ellen*, which left Port au Prince on the 1st of January, the Philadelphia Exchange has received advices fully confirmatory of the previous accounts of the defeat of the Haytiens, with the loss of between 200 and 300 soldiers, with many of his best officers; besides all his munitions of war, provisions, and the Emperor's military chest, containing all the funds for the prosecution of the war. Faustin I. had marched 30,000 men against the eastern side of the Island, and his defeat is represented as most complete.

Capt. D. states that Faustin had escaped from the battle-field, but his place of refuge was unknown, and Gen. Sanfana had offered 10,000 doubloons for his head. So great was the feeling against him that it was the general opinion of the inhabitants of Port au Prince that if his sabbie majesty escaped falling into the hands of the Spaniards he would be shot by his own people.

Our previous news had prepared us for the battle. The following appeared in the Boston *Frederick* of Jan. 15:—Letters from Hayti for some time past have referred to the great preparations making by Bouloque, the black Emperor of Hayti, for the conquest of Dominica, the Spanish port of the island, which has been the darling project of his life. Several times he has been foiled in his undertaking—the last time by the intervention of the English and French—but now he believes that he has collected an army of sufficient magnitude to overwhelm it. The statement made several weeks since that the French had interfered, and caused Bouloque to back out of his undertaking, is incorrect, though they may ultimately step between the contending parties. The rumor among the Haytiens is, that this time the English and French will not interfere. A letter received in this city from Cape Haytien, Dec. 10, says:—

Times are dull, owing to the march, which it seems the Emperor is prosecuting with vigor, and from all I can gather with strong prospects of success this time. The people are under thorough subjection, and render him passive obedience, at least, in everything. The troops, I am told, are better disciplined and better clothed and fed than at any other time since the revolution. Popular opinion is in favor of success this time, and I should not be very much surprised at it; I am sorry for the poor Spaniards as they will have a hard fate if the Haytiens get the upper hand of them.

We have also some accounts from the Dominicans. A letter received in this city from Port au Platte, Dec. 15, says that on that day the alarm of the approach of the Haytiens had been sounded, and in consequence business was suspended. There were rumors at Port au Platte that there had been already a slight collision on the frontier, in which a small number of Haytiens were taken prisoners by the Dominicans. We copy the following from an article in the Herald of the 22d inst.

The manner in which the Emperor parodied the heraldic distinctions and titles of European countries subjected him to a great deal of ridicule. When, however, he was told that the French laughed at his Dukes of Marmalade and Lemonade, he very sensibly replied that he had only relied upon the examples they had set him, seeing that they had their Prince of Peas (Prince de Pois), and a Duke of Broth (Duc de Bouillon). His first decree created no less than four princes and fifty-seven dukes—more, we believe, than Great Britain and France combined can boast of. The whole extent of the empire which furnished all these dignitaries with principalities and dukedoms, is only 29,000 square miles—a little more than one half the size of the State of New York. Faustin's own revenues amounted only to about \$1,000,000, of which the Emperor received personally \$15,200 per annum, the Empress \$5,200, and each of his ministers \$520.

#### WASHINGTON.

##### UNITED STATES SENATE.

THE United States Senate on Monday was occupied in discussing the action of the Naval Retiring Board, with reference particularly to the case of Lieut. Maury. At the close of the debate an adjournment till Thursday was agreed to.

##### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The battle for the Speakership of the House of Representatives exhibits occasional fluctuations, but without any perceptible advantage to either side. Mr. Richardson on Tuesday announced his intention of withdrawing from the contest. Another ballot was taken, without any material change in the figures. Mr. Rust renewed his resolution inviting the candidates to withdraw, and the House, by a tie vote, refused to lay it on the table. Without making any final disposition of the subject an adjournment was carried. The democratic went into caucus immediately afterwards, and after two hours deliberation—Mr. Richardson having withdrawn—Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, was unanimously nominated as the democratic candidate for Speaker, upon the principles embodied in the Congressional platform adopted at the first caucus of the party. A proposition to vote for the plurality rule, in case Messrs. Banks and Fuller shall retire, was rejected.

#### NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

##### SENATE.

The Senate met on Monday, but a quorum not being present, it adjourned. On Tuesday, Mr. C. P. Smith, from the Committee on Commerce, reported favorably on the bill to amend the charter of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; also on the bill to amend the Navigation laws of 1855. After the presentation of several other reports, a bill was passed for the relief of St. Luke's Hospital, New York. Bills were passed to a third reading to prevent horse racing in Queen's county, and to amend the charter of the Brooklyn City company. On Wednesday, the following bills were introduced: To reduce the capital of the East River Bank. In relation to forcible entries and detainers. In relation to savings banks. To close a portion of Tenth street, Brooklyn. A resolution was adopted, on the motion of Mr. Brooks, to require the Trinity Church Trustees to report by the 1st of February in response to the resolution of the last session. The Hudson River bridge matter was referred to the Committee on Commerce. The Uauy law bills, &c., were also referred to the Committee on Commerce.

##### ASSEMBLY.

On Monday the Assembly convened and the roll was called; but less than a quorum being present, an adjournment was carried till the following day. On Tuesday the committees and subordinate officers were appointed. A report of the Dry Dock Savings Bank was presented. The following notices of bills were made:—Mr. E. T. Wood, of a bill for the appointment of Commissioners of Record for Kings county. Mr. Reed, of a bill fixing the wages of mechanics and day laborers in the absence of any special agreement. Mr. Dawson, of a bill to amend the charter of New York city. Mr. Spinola, of a bill to regulate the opening of streets, and laying out parks in Brooklyn. Mr. B. Smith, bill to authorize the loan of money to literary societies by the State. Several bills were then introduced, after which Mr. Dugan gave notice of a bill for the establishment of a Naval Industrial School in New York. On Wednesday the Committee on Building Associations in New York, appointed by the last legislature, presented a report. The annual report of the State Engineer was submitted. Notices of several bills were then given, after which Mr. Dawon introduced a bill to amend the charter of New York city. Several other bills were introduced, among them one by Mr. Reed, to fix the wages of mechanics at two dollars a day, and laborers ten shillings in the absence of a special contract. The Governor's message was taken up in Committee of the Whole. Progress was reported, and the House adjourned.

**CAUGHT.**—On Tuesday last, says the Amherst Express, Mr. Seneca Cutter, of Leverett, got caught in rather an unpleasant fix. He was cutting wood, and as a large tree fell, it slipped and caught one of his legs between the butt end and a large log, and held him fast. Both the tree and the log were so heavy that it was impossible for him to remove them, and it was some time before his hallooing attracted the notice of any one. A man nearly a mile distant, finally heard him, and with others, came to his assistance.



## LITERARY.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES II. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. 4 vols. Harper and Brothers.

The first two volumes of this surpassing history were published seven years since, and the public desire for a continuation has never abated during this long interval. They consisted of a rapid sketch of English history from the earliest times to the accession of Charles I., in 1625. The troubled events in his reign, the Parliamentary war, the Protectorate of Cromwell, the re-establishment of the Stuart dynasty under Charles II., and the humiliating career of that profligate prince, are examined more minutely, but still generally. The real history commences with the accession of James II. in 1685. The original object of the work was to delineate, with the utmost minuteness, all the incidents and political events of the brief reign of that bigoted monarch down to his overthrow, and the establishment of William and Mary on the throne in 1688. This brief period, embracing but little more than three years, was the most eventful in English history. The stern resistance of the Commons to the tyranny of the bigoted king until his banishment, and the coronation of William and his consort Mary, were productive of results for the emancipation of Europe from kingly thralldom, second only in importance to those which followed the American Declaration of Independence three quarters of a century later.

The third and fourth volumes relate the history of the English government and its connection with the powers of Europe, from 1688 to the Treaty of Paris, 1763, a brief period, but fraught with great events, resulting in an entire cessation of warfare on the Continent, and establishing England among the first powers of Europe. How the talented author proposes to redeem his promise in bringing his history down to the living memory of man, equalling the patriarchs of the scriptural ages, or he must ruin the proportions of his matchless performance by unduly hastening through reigns of less historic interest. To find fault with his incomparable history were an invidious and a graceless task, and we wish to be distinctly understood as disclaiming all intention of so doing. Viewed as a purely literary performance, we could not wish it one word less; every topic that the author takes in hand is discussed with such masterly skill; the historic course of action, together with all incidents in any way bearing upon it, is presented with such irresistible charms of style, and the principal actors in this grand drama are invested with such life-like lineaments, that no novel of the wizard Scott, can be read with less labor or more absorption. The author's style is the perfection of art, for all art is entirely concealed. With less of the studied majesty of Hume, which well indicated his refining and philosophic mind, we have a greater infusion of the transparent elegance, euphony, and sparkling animation of Goldsmith; without the finished and beautifully rounded periods of the classic Gibbon, we have the copiousness, the elasticity, and the more familiar grace of Addison and St. Pierre.

While thus warmly commending the literary character of the history, we may yet be allowed to regret that the feelings of the author should have been allowed to ignore entirely the judgment of the historian. We regret that Mr. Macaulay, when he came to disinter these valuable old records of a departed day, should have allowed his growing and absorbing interest so to magnify the proportions of one part of his work as either to assign it undue prominence or otherwise reduce him to the alternative of leaving his achievement fragmentary, simply because the ambition of the artist had transcended in imagination the capability of a lifetime. The following passage, for instance, philosophizing upon the mutability of popular will, although charming for its perfection, and fully indicative of the author's richly-stored mind, is still a digression. Artistically speaking, it ought to have been excluded from this history, for the important reason, that this and many more such gems of disquisition, so elaborate the structure that the artist can never hope to complete the work on a uniformly diffuse scale.

The new king had, at the very moment at which his fame and fortune reached the highest point, predicted the coming reaction. That reaction might, indeed, have been predicted by a less sagacious observer of human affairs. For it is to be chiefly ascribed to a law as certain as the laws which regulate the succession of the seasons and the course of the trade winds. It is the nature of man to overrate present evil, and to underrate present good; to long for what he has not, and to be dissatisfied with what he has. This propensity, as it appears in individuals, has often been noticed both by laughing and by weeping philosophers. It was a favorite theme of Horace and of Pascal, of Voltaire and of Johnson. To its influence on the fate of great communities may be ascribed most of the revolutions and counter-revolutions recorded in history. A hundred generations have elapsed since the first great national emancipation, of which an account has come down to us. We read in the most ancient books that a people bowed to the dust under a cruel yoke, scourged to sell by hard taskmasters, not supplied with straw, yet compelled to furnish the daily tale of bricks, became sick of life, and raised such a cry of misery as pierced the heavens. The slaves were wonderfully set free; at the moment of their liberation they raised a song of gratitude and triumph; but, in a few hours, they began to regret their slavery, and to murmur at the leader who had decoyed them away from the savory fare of the house of bondage to the dreary waste which still separated them from the land flowing with milk and honey. Since that time the history of every great deliverance has been the history of Moses retold. Down to the present like the Red Sea, the blood of the Redeemer has been followed by a murmurings like those at the Waters of Strife. The most just and salutary revolution must produce much suffering. The most just and salutary revolution cannot produce all the good that had been expected from it by men of unimpaired minds and sanguine temper. It is still quite early in the history of the world, and the evil which it has caused against the evil which it has removed. For the evils which it has caused are felt; and the evils which it has removed are felt no longer.

We regret that we cannot devote greater space to these seductive volumes; but thanks to the age in which we live, our readers need not depend upon our columns for a further acquaintance with the pages of the author. With a view to suit all ranks and conditions of men, the enterprising publishers of these volumes have printed simultaneously three editions of this "History of England" at graduated prices; so low, too, we might add, that their purchase is beyond the reach of no one. To all our readers we would cordially recommend a perusal of these instructive pages; for, while in the period of the Revolution of 1688, which forms the subject of the latter volumes, they are introduced to the very inception of the principal part of our present statute law; the medium through which the information is conveyed is in itself a profitable study, and may be pronounced beyond all recent compositions a "well of English undefiled."

CAMP FIRES OF THE RED MEN; OR, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By J. R. ORTON. New York, J. C. Derby.

VIEWED in the light of a well told series of accidents and adventures, this volume is entitled to considerable commendation for the happy quality it possesses of sustaining the reader's interest unflagging to the end. The composition has lain by unpublished during a much longer period than was prescribed by Horace, and during the interval the author's passions have subsided and his intellect has matured. "The book contains," the writer says in his preface, "his early first thoughts, fancies, and feelings, frankly spoken; and will appeal strongly to the buoyant and more honest side of life." As a record of stirring early adventure, we pronounce it an eminently successful performance; as a work of constructive powers it is an incongruous attempt. The plot is meagre, and the characters as few as those composing a French drama. Captain Warwick is a young man of poetical and enthusiastic temperament, the son of a distinguished Mohawk chief, who has been adopted and reared by a British officer of the same name. While spending the summer on the Jersey shore in company with his foster-mother, a Spanish galleon is wrecked in a storm, and a Castilian Grandee with his daughter and her suitor are rescued by Charles Warwick and others from the foaming waves. A short intimacy with the fair Donna Viola entirely robs the young Captain of his heart, and threatens to bring him into dangerous collision with the lady's father—the fiery Don Ferdinand de Caserio. The whole Spanish party then remove up the Hudson to the camping ground of the Six Nations, leaving the hero behind who, however, by another road anticipates the party's arrival. The Spaniards do not appear to be welcome visitors to the Red Men, for they complain that they kill their deer, trample down their corn, and insult their women and braves. Don Ferdinand is taken prisoner by the Mohawks, and Warwick compromises himself by procuring his release, as the Spaniards subsequently murders one of their braves. This leads to the denouement. Surrounded by hostile savages, the younger Spaniard assumes a desperation of character perfectly Macbethian. He dominates over the young lady, until he provokes the ill-will of her father. "My child," he exclaims, "is daily pining away before my eyes from her horror of Don Ferdinand; he thinks to bend us, to crush us to his purpose—but he will fail." Matters being thus inhospitable, the sequel is precipitated by an attack of the Mohawks upon the Spanish party (who by the bye are succored by an arrival of soldiers). Don Ferdinand shoots Don Manuel, and makes violently off with the daughter. Capt. Warwick encounters him, has a titanic passage at arms with him, and finally runs him through with his sword. This removes all difficulties. The party return to New York; the Donna marries the young Captain, the father recovers from his wound, and regains his estates both in Mexico and Spain, and the author closes his labors. Mr. Orton wields a fluent pen, his romantic passages are elevated and without fustian; and his descriptions of scenery and savage life are in many instances eminently beautiful. If the reader could only be informed what brought this magnificent Castilian party on a Quixotic errand amongst the savages, and could only be reconciled to the author's philosophy concerning the Red Men, together with his whimsical definition of poetry, the effect would be in every way satisfactory. With these trivial incongruities it is a very talented performance, and will highly interest the reader.

THE PRAYERS OF THE BIBLE, WITH THEIR ANSWERS. Collected by a Church Member. New York: A. S. BARNES & CO.

The design of this little volume is an admirable one—namely, the collection of all the petitions to the Almighty contained in Holy Writ, together with their divine fulfillment, connected by a running commentary which ably elucidates the historical incidents with which they have connexion. To a young person, or a Bible student, this beautiful little collection of practical devotion must be eminently acceptable, since it presents in one connected narrative an attractive limning of all the principal scriptural personages, and precisely in that light in which it is most profitable to regard them, in their exalted intercourse with their Divine Supporter, and in their reliance upon His protecting favor. Critically speaking, however, the pious author of this volume is open to the objection which we find occasion to urge against so large a proportion of religious teachers. He says, (pages 22, 23.) "The intercessory prayers of Christians are destined instruments in the hand of God for bringing out the glorious time when all the earth shall know him; each one, as it is breathed in the ear of God, is dearer to him than the brightest effort of unhalloved genius—although this may be derided by the world as a reverie, and the unbeliever may talk to us of mistaken zeal." We never could see the necessary discordance between intellectual cultivation and devotional piety; and had the following passages of the author been grammatically expressed, we do not see that their religious spirit would have been in the least impaired:—

"God prepared the hearts of Isaac and Rebekah to realize, when they meet,

that union of soul of which the cold, calculating world knows nothing—a union which only heaven and nature teach, and God will hallow."—Page 25.

"Every circumstance connected with the intercession of Abraham is interesting to the believer; his unselfishness toward his nephew, his earnest affection for him after his choice of a home in Sodom, unfolds to us the heart of a humble follower of God, seeking not his own good, but the glory of the Father and the true welfare of man."—Page 22.

"As she sat quietly during the feast in Shiloh, her tears flowed fast and free, and afterward she poured out her soul to God in prayer."—Page 64.

FIVE HUNDRED MISTAKES OF DAILY OCCURRENCE IN SPEAKING, PRONOUNCING, AND WRITING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, CORRECTED. New York: Daniel Burgess & Co.

This little work is probably destined to a wide circulation. It is an incoherent affair, and fires away at most of the prevailing colloquial errors without order or classification. Some of the errors indicated are so very glaring and elementary that many who need the counsel of these pages would feel outraged to have it supposed that they required correction on such points. But the author studies no one's feelings. In his intercourse with society, his ears inform him that errors, both in orthoëpy and construction, exist on all sides; and he sets incoherently to work to point out a number of them, stringing them together in his list, it would seem, as they occur to his memory, or are brought home to his ears. For what it pretends to be, it is a serviceable little affair, and is better calculated than a work of greater pretension, to effect a practical reform in our vernacular language. On one page we are cautioned against calling onions—"lemons," and on the next we are instructed in the correct pronunciation of the word Sardanapalus. As a word of counsel to the uneducated, it cannot fail to be productive of great advantage, and there is no longer any excuse for such inelegances as "hatching fish," who "done this?" "mischievous urchins," and other such Americanisms. If the author had only added one page for the peculiar education of New York journalists, and had taught them that found-e-y is not an English word, and that employe (as applied to the masculine gender) is not a French word, he would have extended the sphere of his usefulness, and saved us from the impertinence of making this suggestion to him.

## LAW INTELLIGENCE.

## SUPREME COURT—PART SECOND.

Jan. 21.—Before Hon. Judge Duer.

Caroline Johnson, Executrix, vs. Hudson River Railroad.

The plaintiff in this case sues for \$5,000 for damages for the death of her husband, which it is alleged was caused by the negligence of the defendant's servants. The cause was tried once before, when the plaintiff was nonsuited, but a new trial was subsequently granted. The deceased, it appears, was driving his cart through West street, in August, 1853, when the defendant's cars ran against him, and so injured him that he died in a few days. Adjourned.

Jan. 22.—Before Hon. Judge Duer.

HEAVY VERDICT AGAINST A RAILROAD COMPANY.

The trial of the case was resumed this day, and a verdict was awarded the plaintiff for \$4,000.

## METROPOLITAN NEWS.

MR. GEORGE BULFIN'S GRAND BALL.

MR. BULFIN, the renowned silk importer, celebrated the opening of additional premises to his warehouse in Broadway, by a grand ball given to the ladies of his establishment, on Friday night, the 18th inst. There were about four hundred ladies there, most of them engaged in the establishment, and a more enjoyable party is seldom gathered together. The arrangements were complete. There were two large rooms set apart for the dance; another of equal size for the supper, which was excellent; and a fourth for the hospitable reception of guests. There was singing and dancing and speech-making, and every thing else that could enhance the proper enjoyment of the occasion; and but a short time before daylight the company separated, with a distinct impression that they had spent a delightful evening. As a testimony of respect to the ladies in his establishment, and as an agreeable acknowledgment of their co-operation towards his success, the entertainment was in every way gratifying. We congratulate Mr. Bulfin upon the very excellent feeling existing between himself and his lady employees, and trust that relations equally agreeable will be more generally cultivated by the mercantile class of our city.

DISCOVERY OF COUNTERFEIT MONEY.—As some boys were playing on Saturday afternoon last, in the mahogany yard, at the corner of Washington and Vesey-streets, they discovered a carpet bag lying upon the ground. On raising it it was found to be very heavy, and one of the lads, named Henry Howenstein, carried it home. When the bag was opened, a large amount of bogus money was exposed to view, consisting of \$379 in counterfeit gold coin, and \$106 in spurious silver coin. Besides the money there were some books on counterfeiting found in the bag, showing that the owner of the bag was an artist in his profession, and would not undertake to try his hand at the business without having first consulted good authority. The coin was apparently in a rough and unfinished state, and not intended for the market. The gold, or what purported to be gold, consisted of eagles, half-eagles, and quarter-eagles. The silver, purported to be quarter-dollars, would be apt to deceive many persons. Indeed, some of the coins would pass current among experienced financiers. Upon Mr. Howenstein's discovering the nature of the articles, he conveyed them to the Fifth Ward Station-house, where they have been taken charge of by Lieut. Hutchings. An effort will be made by the police to ferret out the owner of the carpet-bag and its contents.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.—The new edifice on Fourth Avenue, corner of Twenty-third-street, erected for the use of the institution, was inaugurated on Tuesday evening, with appropriate exercises. The clinical lecture-room was completely filled with a mixed audience of professional and other gentlemen, together with ladies and others interested in the prosperity of the school. Dr. Thomas Cook, Vice-President of the College, introduced Rev. Dr. Vermilyea, who opened the exercises with prayer; after which Dr. Cook, having alluded to the condition of the institution, and welcomed the audience, announced Professor Delafield, who was to deliver the inaugural address. At the conclusion of the address, which was of a very interesting character, the learned professor sketched in a rapid manner the history of medical colleges in the United States, and concluded with a warm welcome to the students of the institution. A benediction was pronounced by Dr. Vermilyea, and after a general inspection of the edifice and its various apartments, the audience retired.

REWARDS OF MERIT.—The New York Life Saving Benevolent Society have, through their President, Joseph Walker, Esq., presented a testimonial to Michael Faulkner, who, during the last five years, has saved eleven persons from drowning. They have also presented a gold medal to Captain Ezra Nye, late of the United States Mail steamer Pacific, as a testimonial of his humane conduct in causing to be saved nineteen of the crew of the wrecked ship Jesso Stephens.

BURNED TO DEATH.—Mrs. Sarah Elliot, a native of Ireland, fifty-three years of age, died yesterday at her residence, 161 East Twenty-ninth-st., from burns received, the evening previous, by the explosion of a fluid lamp which she was in the act of filling while lighted. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict of "Accidental death" was rendered by the jury.

ACCIDENT TO J. B. COLLINS, Esq.—Mr. Collins, the President of the United States Life Insurance Company, when in the act of stepping into a sleigh yesterday, in Broadway, slipped and fractured badly the bones of the left arm above the wrist. Other injuries were received, but the patient is doing well.

City Judge Capron has expressed a determination to prosecute all who sell liquor without a license.

## OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN M. MERRIFIELD, Reporter of the Commercial Advertiser of this city died suddenly on Saturday, the 19th, at his residence in Brooklyn, of inflammation of the bowels. He leaves a young wife to mourn his loss. Mr. Merrifield was a young man of talent and probity. His demise will be greatly regretted by the profession to which he belonged, as well as by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The obituary of the week includes the name of William R. Goodall, who died at Philadelphia, at the early age of 25. Mr. Goodall was a native of Philadelphia, and made his debut as an amateur. He was then a mechanic's apprentice. He was afterwards engaged in a minor position at one of the Philadelphia theatres; but made his first sensation at the Baltimore Museum. His first appearance in New York was made at the Bowery Theatre, four or five years ago. His handsome person, melodious voice and graceful action made him a great favorite at once, and carried him suddenly to a position which others work for years to obtain. In the season of 1852-3, he was the leading actor at the Howard Athenæum, Boston. Since that time he has played short engagements throughout the United States. Last year he suffered severely from a fever contracted in Ohio, and never recovered from the reaction. He was eminently popular on the stage and in private life. He leaves a widow, late Miss Fannie Riley, of Boston, and one child.

WILLIAM TYLER, Esq., late of Charles City county, died at his residence in Norfolk, Va., on Tuesday morning, of consumption. He was a brother of the Hon. John Tyler, ex-President of the United States, and at the time of his death held the office of Clerk of the Navy Yard at Gosport.

## THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

At one time there were as many as fifteen hundred Russian prisoners on board the Devonshire and Benbow, receiving ships, at Sheerness, England. The government of Russia does not grant them any pay while they are prisoners of war, nor allow them to return home on parole of honor not to serve.

Mr. G. Hinchcliffe, a late resident in St. Petersburg, was appointed by the Admiralty as interpreter on board the Devonshire. The prisoners have the entire range from the knightheads to the taffrail, and do not abuse their indulgence. They are perfectly obedient to a request made, very respectful, appear to appreciate the confidence placed in them, and all strive to make themselves useful about the decks when required. A number of the prisoners have been supplied with the Old and New Testaments by a Missionary to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. The prisoners, who seemed fully to appreciate the service, separated in a most orderly manner—men, women, and children. No cases of sickness have broken out. The change of food (from salt provisions to fresh,) with the cleanliness carried out promptly by the officers, and willingly put in practice by the prisoners, have very much improved their health.

The officers are stout-built, powerful men; but the soldiers have that thin lathy appearance which is seen in the inmates of workhouses and prisons, and which also may be observed in one of two of the British agricultural districts, where laborers feed on the coarsest food. There is hardly a single robust-looking man among them, and their hard, spare forms contrast strangely with well-fed, robust British sailors. Making every allowance for circumstances, the Russian soldier, in his long grey pepper-and-salt great-coat, with faded facings, and no brass ornaments of any kind, is a very dingy-looking fellow. A great number of the prisoners are young men, and have little about them of that military air and carriage which the nations of the West inseparably associate with the profession of arms. So far from being set up within an inch of their lives, common to most military, they are quite in an opposite direction; squatting themselves on the deck with a freedom which reminded one of their Eastern origin. Their long great-coat, reaching to the ankle, appears a comfortable garment, wrapping closer round the body than in the British service, and is of the right color for warfare. Their forage-cap also seems convenient, and less frightful than that worn by the British Foot Guards. The knapsack is of undressed skin apparently capable of holding very little, and held on the back by broad cross-belts of black leather. Of their dress generally it is perhaps unfair to speak as they came away in the clothes in which they fought, but they certainly appear scantily clad, having no under-coats. The stripes indicating grades of rank or good conduct, instead of being upon the arm, are on the lapelle; the number of the regiment is marked upon the band of the forage-caps, but not in metal; and facings seem used as in other European services. If the prisoners from Bomarsund are to be considered average specimens of the Russian troops, they are certainly inferior to English, French, and American. Making every allowance for the circumstances attending their arrival, they have that expressed in their dull, submissive-looking faces which cannot conquer in an aggressive war.

The wives of the Russian soldiers, who have been brought to England along with their husbands, are all plainly but neatly dressed, the majority having colored handkerchiefs round their heads, and otherwise much resembling the Bavarian broom girls who find their way to that country. Several of the women are of the Jewish persuasion.

## PANORAMIC VIEW OF ST. PETERSBURG.

WHEN we remember the very recent foundation of St. Petersburg, and that it cannot count more than fifty years for every five centuries, or one century against ten, during which Paris and London have been growing, it is indeed an amazing spectacle. On the other hand, this very newness has been of immense advantage to the Russian capital. It began with the improved forms of modern towns. It has no wilderness of slums and courts to remove; no crooked, narrow, impracticable lanes to rebuild into commodious thoroughfares; none of the architectural entanglements of barbarous time to remodel. From the first, it arose on a metropolitan plan—grand, airy and penetrable. At this moment, though not numbering one-half the Paris population, it covers as large an area as Paris. And this is the work of about one hundred and twenty years.

Let us now return again to our Panorama. By far the most important part of the city stands on the further bank of the Neva, as the reader looks at the scene; that is to say, on the left bank. On this side, there is, however, the fortress; so situated, that, if the Governor were corrupted—and it is the first attempt in every conspiracy to gain him or to replace him—it would not require ten minutes to blow to pieces the winter palace of the Emperor, on the opposite shore, and to reduce to obedience the entire capital. On the same side as the fortress, and almost in it, a little behind to the left, is the cemetery of all the Emperors. Further up that bank, the town stretches into suburban villas, embosomed in trees, the impenetrable shade of which in summer makes them valuable to all who do not escape wholly in the country. Down the same bank, are some islands connected with the main land by bridges; of these grove-covered islands, which are the resort of pic-nics in the hot months, the largest and most beautiful is that of Basil—Vassilievskoye, (ostroff meaning an isle.) Beyond is the Gulf of Finland, the waves of which sprinkle the very trees, so close down to the margin does the thick and pleasant wilderness extend. That is in the further island.

If we now cross the river by that bridge of boats to the right, or, better still, by the truly magnificent new bridge of granite, we come upon probably the largest and finest square in the world—the celebrated Isaac Plain, in which the Emperor Nicholas quelled by personal "derring-doo" the dangerous insurrection which greeted his accession to the throne. Before you towers the mighty equestrian statue of Peter the Great, in an attitude and position for which to furnish a living model to the sculptor, it is said that Count Orloff, Catherine's favorite, imperilled his neck in that very fashion, on the back of a thoroughbred horse, which he galloped to the brink of a precipice and then checked.

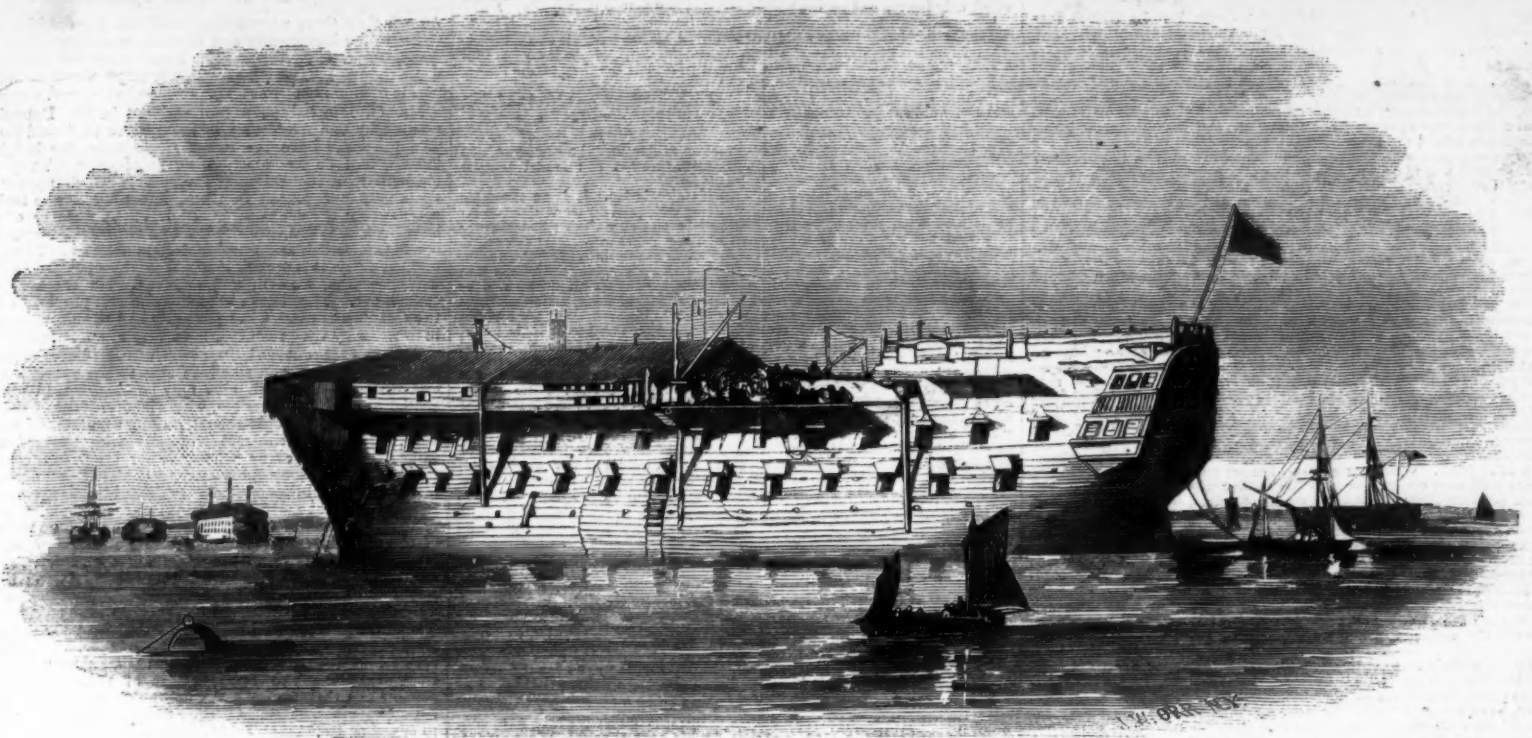
To the right hand, running out of this square, stretches the English quay, and parallel with it, behind, several smaller streets, one of which you enter under an archway. The rest of that front of the square is occupied with the Senate House—a name which is but a mockery of freedom in reference to the scene of servile deliberations. Beyond this the Mall, with some terraced walks under a few trees, runs out of the square, parallel still with the English Quay. The south side is filled with the Isaac Church, not yet finished, for they say that the late Emperor harbored a superstition that he would not survive the year in which it would be completed. It is designed to take rank among the greatest and most splendid fancies in the world. The interior will have the peculiar beauty or effect derivable from innumerable columns of malachite; and in many parts the walls will shine with rare decorations, and be literally encrusted with silver, gold, and gems. At right angles with this square, and opening into it, is another, not quite so capacious, extending before the Winter Palace and the Admiralty. If you reckon both these vacant places as forming one "square" (not of course geometrically), there is nothing so large in any other city. In the smaller space, which is oblong, and which is surrounded by magnificent palaces and public piles, occur, in winter, the games of the ice-hills, the carnival fair, and the sports of swing, merry-go-round, common people's theatricals, &c., under the very windows of the Emperor. The present palace was completed in two years (to replace the parish just burned) by an army of builders, working night and day without intermission.

Now being in the Isaac Plain, or rather in that space which abuts upon it, and which is called the Admiralty-square, you see running south, as straight as an arrow, the Regent-street of Petersburg, the Nevski Perspective. This crosses all the canals on the pretty bridges—one of them adorned with specimens of colossal bronze sculpture, famous all over the world—and traverses the entire city between lines of lofty and massive granite mansions. About half-way you pass the Kazan Church, the name of which is taken from a town in Turkey, under the Balkan. There is no plate-glass in the shop-windows; many shops, indeed, are under ground, with a sign of a glove, or whatever else, to tell you where to descend—all sombre, though imposing.

Returning back to the Admiralty-square, if you pursue the transverse road, and proceed up the left bank of the Neva, you pass the Hermitage and Constantine's Marble Palace, and many other superb



## RUSSIAN PRISONERS IN ENGLAND.



"THE DEVONSHIRE" PRISON-SHIP, AT SHEERNESS. MOUTH OF THE THAMES, ENGLAND.

piles, and in a few minutes you are in the Champ de Mars, about one-third smaller than that of Paris. Beyond it is the Summer Garden, with its bowers, walks, and statues; and, just outside of this, the Paul Palace.

The most curious effect in the whole city is, after all, produced by the domes of the churches. These generally consist of a substance compounded of gold and, we believe, zinc.

We have given a fair description of the odd beauty of the scene;

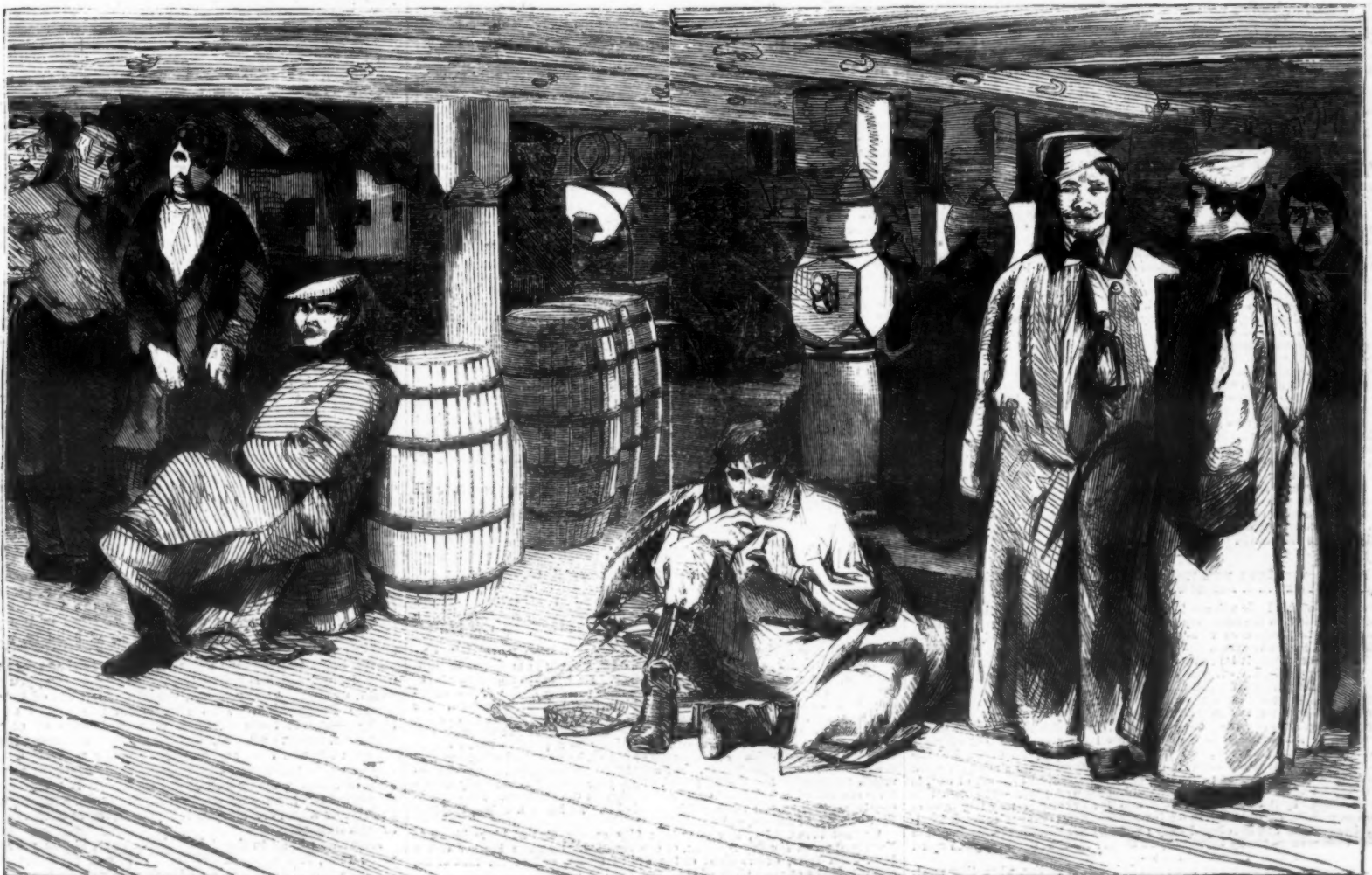
and, knowing all that such a point is worth, we repeat that there are few places in the world pretending to civilization which, as a residence, could give less satisfaction to a stranger than this gorgeous capital.



WIVES OF THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS.



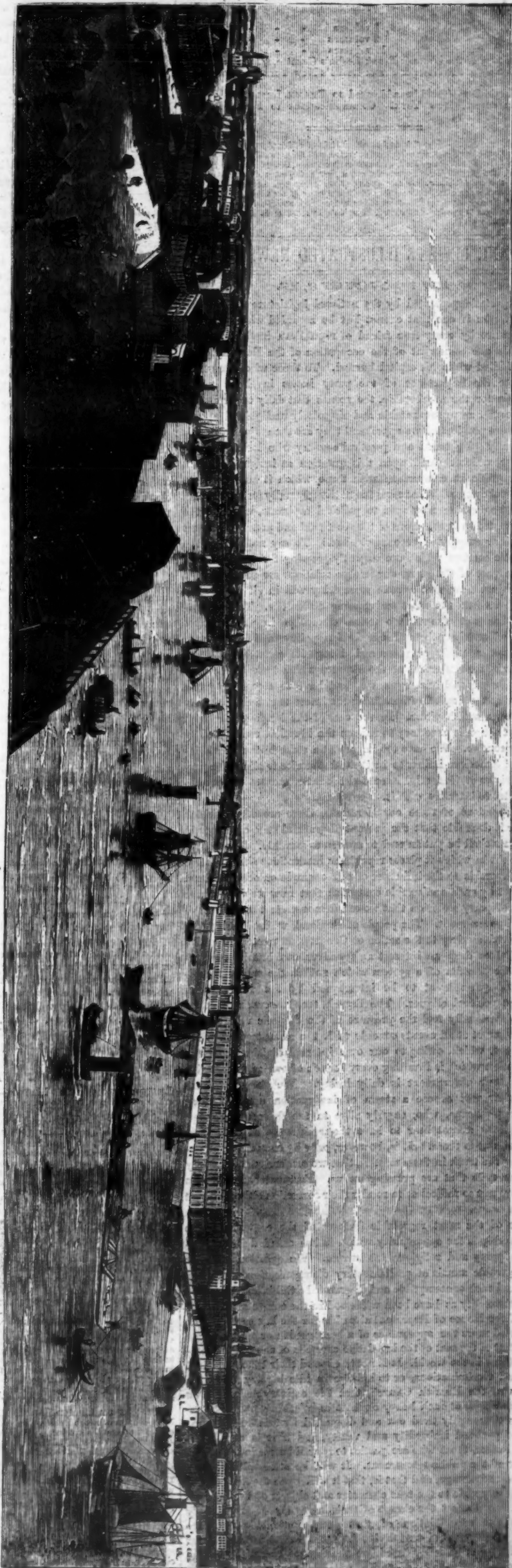
RUSSIAN PRISONERS.



THE PRISON-SHIP "DEVONSHIRE."—RUSSIAN PRISONERS BETWEEN DECKS.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF ST. PETERSBURG, FROM A WATCH-TOWER.



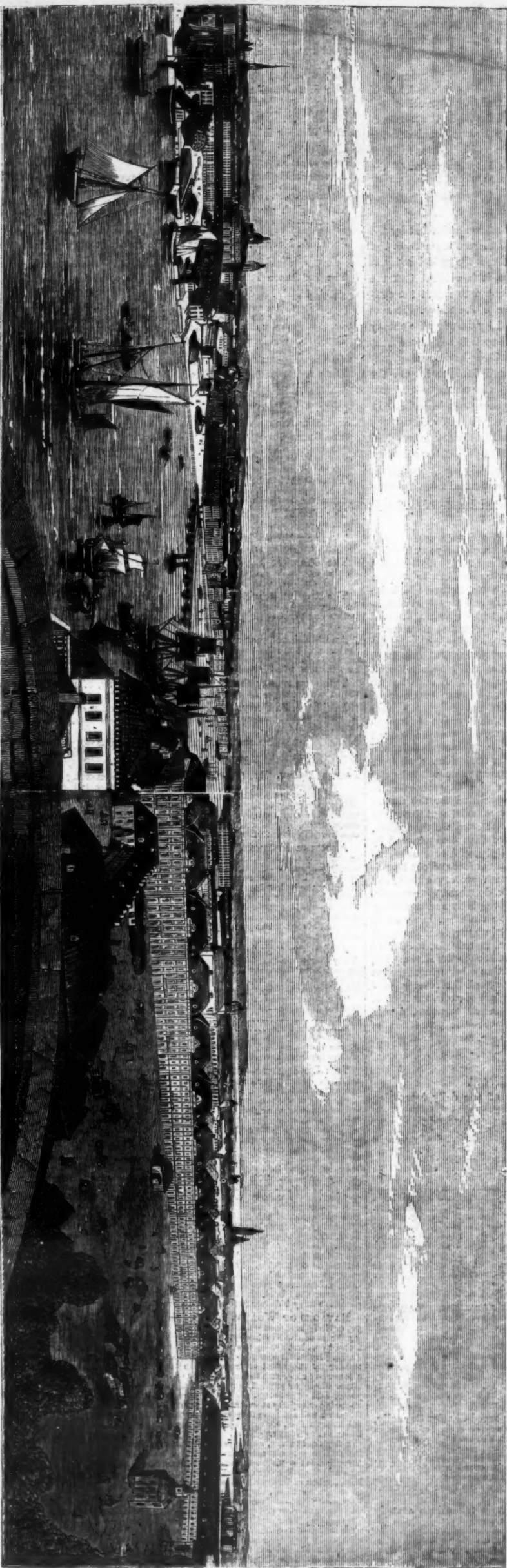
CHURCH OF THE  
TRANSFIGURATION.

OLD ARSENAL (ARTILLERY).

FORTRESS OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL,  
TOWNS OF THE GOVERNORS.

HERMITAGE.

WINTER PALACE.



CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION.

CHURCH OF ST. ISAC.

STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT,  
THE S.M.A.T.

BRIDGE OF BOATS.

ISLAND OF VASILYEVSKOL,  
THE UNIVERSITY, ARCHIVE, ETC.

CUSTOM HOUSE.



## PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

The country edition will contain the latest metropolitan news, general miscellany, sporting chronicles of the turf and field; religious intelligence, music, and the drama, up to Thursday evening, and will be despatched early on Friday morning. The New York edition will be published on Saturday morning, and will contain the latest intelligences, foreign and domestic, markets, &c., up to the latest hour on Friday night.

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To CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 26, 1856.

The spectacle presented by the national legislature for the last eight weeks is one that cannot but be regarded with pain and displeasure by every true friend of republican institutions. It reminds one somewhat of the occupation of the Roman tyrant who fiddled while his capital burned. To those who cannot appreciate the importance of the party issues involved in the struggle for the speakership, the scenes that daily occur in the House offer an unaccountable and singularly undignified aspect. There are people, and we apprehend they are the majority, in this politically enlightened and practical country who look upon the interests which depend upon this question as insignificant and contemptible in comparison with those which it has served to keep in abeyance. What cares the nation generally for the chances which its decision may open to political aspirants, when in the time wasted in it, questions of the most vital and pressing interest are either suspended or compromised? To say nothing of the domestic matters which are urgently pressing for consideration on the part of Congress, our foreign relations are in so delicate a state just now, that a little more delay will in all probability plunge us into the most embarrassing difficulties. The government has not shown too much discretion in the management of certain points of our foreign policy, and if Congress does not speedily organize and bring its collective wisdom to bear in the settlement of the disputes which have arisen with Great Britain and Nicaragua, we shall have to accuse the party leaders at the Capitol of sacrificing the interests of the country to their own selfish views. In the case of the latter government prompt action is necessary to redeem the blunders committed by the Executive. We have too important a stake in the consolidation of American influence in Central America to allow the personal views of General Pierce and the intemperance of his subordinates to interfere with it.

Independent of these considerations, there are others which render it desirable that the present disgraceful state of things in Congress shall be put an end to as soon as possible. The ridiculous light in which it places republican institutions abroad, is but little favorable to the influence of our example on other nations. It is not by such a miserable contest as that now waging for the prizes of party ambition that we can demonstrate the advantages of self-government. The people of England, whilst looking forward with anxiety to the action of Congress on matters in which they feel as deep an interest as ourselves, can but ill comprehend the benefits of a system which suffers the whole machinery of government to be interrupted by the intrigues of corrupt political cliques. The French, too, however much they may occasionally feel the pressure of the despotic rule of Napoleon, must at all events concede to it the advantages of unity and force, which, owing to our own internal divisions, and the corruption which is invading every branch of our administrative system our government is daily losing. We are aware that this view will arouse a storm of indignation amongst those ultra-republicans, who, eagerly alive to the defects of foreign institutions, cannot bear to have the weaknesses of their own pointed out to them. It is, however, only by candidly acknowledging the truth in these matters, that we can arrive at a remedy for the evils that are pressing on us. Fortunately in our case they are not so radical as to render their correction either difficult or dangerous.

One of the most regrettable features of the contest for the speakership is the opportunity which it has afforded for the display of party and religious intolerance. We question whether in the whole annals of parliamentary disorganization, there can be found such contemptible and disgraceful exhibitions of bigotry and personality as have been witnessed in the course of it. The hall of the House of Representatives has for the last seven weeks presented more the appearance of a bear garden or gladiatorium than that of the seat of the legislative councils of one of the greatest nations in the world. It is not to expend their time in violent personal recriminations, or to indulge in idle bigotry about the abuses of the Romish Church, that the country maintains its representatives at such heavy expense in Washington. The nation is thoroughly tired out and disgusted by this silly exhibition of personal imbecility and vanity, and if it is carried on much longer, those who are parties to it will be made to feel the weight of the public resentment. It will be attended, however, with one advantage, and that is, that it will open the eyes of the American people to the true character and objects of the men to whom they intrust the charge of their interests. If it will only hasten the consolidation of that great national party, into which the differences that divide the more honest portion of our politicians, can be safely fused, we should not regret the inconvenience and temporary discredit to which it has given rise.

The news received by the Baltic does not strengthen in any degree the faint belief that we had previously expressed as to the probabilities of peace. The convocation of two grand councils of war, one at St. Petersburg and the other at Paris, are not evidences that there exists on the part of the belligerent powers any very strong hopes of an arrangement. The proposals made through Austria may be regarded simply as a last effort on the part of the German States, to avoid the certain alternative to which they will be driven of taking an active part on either side. The magnitude of the preparations making for next year's campaign in the Baltic has convinced Prussia that she will speedily have to abandon her mock show of neutrality. The allies will no longer tolerate that her territories shall be made the means of frustrating the combinations which they have effected at such enormous expense. She is, therefore, nervously anxious to effect a compromise before she herself is drawn into the vortex of the difficulty. We question if even the united action of the whole of Germany would have at the present moment any influence on the decision of the Cabinet at St. Petersburg.

If what is reported be true of the decision arrived at by the Russian Council of War to abandon the Crimea altogether, and to strengthen with the forces stationed there the grand army of the centre, and the army of the Caucasus, it is evident that the Russian government has made up its mind to reject the conditions offered to it, and to push the war a *l'outrance*. It sees that, as in 1812, there is more to be gained by drawing the enemy into the interior, where they will be removed to a distance from their resources, than to make useless sacrifices in defending sea-coast fortresses like that of Sebastopol and Cronstadt. On the side of Asia, it can carry on with advantage an offensive war, and even menace the safety of the British possessions in India. In this manner Russia will waste the strength and exhaust the patience of her enemies, and will probably finally succeed in breaking up the coalition. The policy which proved her salvation in the campaign of 1812 is evidently the only safe one which, under present circumstances, she can pursue; and from the conclusions arrived at by the council of war, it would appear that this is the course that has been resolved upon.

SLEIGHING scenes in Broadway, at this season of the year, if fairly depicted with the pen, would afford amusing material to fill a volume. We are not aware that any philosopher has undertaken to analyze that peculiar characteristic of American human nature, which induces it to get off its usual dignity the moment it gets on sleigh-runners. We have known very grave men, and very straight-laced women, who were so correct in their deportment that they would not deign a benign smile upon surrounding humanity, or permit the most pardonable familiarity with their sacred persons, who would so effectually *thaw out* under the warming influence of buffalo-robos, as to be kind to excess, and genial even to extreme. If such be the case with model men and exemplary women, what can be expected of the girls and boys, and the wild children of mature growth, who, winter and summer, run along the highways and byways of life, perfectly indifferent to anything but amusement, and prepared on all occasions in search of novelty to go the full length permissible, and sometimes a little farther. Broadway, under the influence we have alluded to, while the snow reigned supreme, was one continual exhibition of unchecked gayety. The hotels vied with each other in fitting up splendid *corteges*, magnificently appointed for the use of their guests. The omnibus lines, discarding wheels, sent their long ships on runners into the thoroughfares for the benefit of the million, and what was lost in exclusiveness was more than compensated by the electricity of a jolly crowd. Private sleighs, with horses covered with musical bells, whirled along with the sweet faces of our beautiful women, the gallant beaux, decorated with grotesque caps, and otherwise hideously contrasting with their delighted sweethearts. Sleights of all sorts and sizes, belonging to everybody and to nobody—worth from seventy-five cents down to two shillings, hung on to horses stolen from the offal-contractor, filled up the interstices left by the more lordly vehicles. The sidewalks, meanwhile, were lined with an admiring crowd, numbers of which fell upon the slippery ice, or were run down by some "fast thing," but no other demonstration followed than good humor. As night approached, the revel reigned more supreme, and then were added to the glare of snow, the blaze of gaslight, the jostling multitude, the innumerable turnouts, a constant singing of song, of wit, and repartee—the population of the great American metropolis, forgetting care, stocks, hard times, and "Jordan," agreed to be happy in Broadway.

## POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

LETTER FROM THE MAYOR.—In view of the daily increasing crime in this city, which seems to be perpetrated in utter disregard of the Police, his Honor Mayor Wood has addressed the following circular letter to the various Police Captains throughout the municipality.

TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE — WARD POLICE.—Sir: Burglaries, deadly assaults and brutal fights, are again becoming frequent at night in this City, and suggest omission or dereliction of duty by the Police, whose especial duty it is to prevent them, or to discover and arrest the perpetrators. As captain of the force in your district, your own share of the responsibility for the existence of this evil, so far as your Ward is thus concerned, is very great. I am not disposed to relieve you from it so long as the men under your command on whose beats the occurrences take place are unreported to me, and, consequently, go unpunished. Now, therefore, you will promptly report to me, the next morning after it occurs, every burglary, fight, drunken brawl, or violence of any kind that takes place in your district, with the names of the officers on the beat at the time it occurred, with the necessary affidavit,—that they may be tried before the Commissioners, and the Department relieved of them, if any dereliction is proved. The fact that such occurrence takes place will be *prima facie* evidence against the officer in charge at the time. You will consider this as an imperative order, and not to be omitted under any circumstances whatever.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

ARREST OF A CLERK CHARGED WITH EMBEZZLEMENT AT THE BANKING-HOUSE OF AUGUSTE BELMONT.—Charles Verhoeven, late a clerk in the banking-house of Auguste Belmont, No. 76 Beaver street, was arrested on Tuesday by Sergeant Jourdan and Officer McMannus of the Lower Police Court, charged with having on the 26 ult. embezzled \$1,061, the proceeds of a sale of a bill of exchange belonging to his employer, which he disposed of. The accused resides in Hoboken, and after getting possession of the money abandoned his position in the banking-house, and was not found until Tuesday. He subsequently returned the above amount to his employer, but other moneys are missing which he is supposed to have taken. He was brought before Justice Connolly and was held for examination.

CHARGE OF GRAND LARCENY.—A man named Charles Connolly, by profession a public porter, was taken into custody on charge of stealing a carpet bag and its contents, valued at \$300, from William Harley, of No. 77 John street. The complainant states that as he was proceeding along West street, the prisoner snatched the carpet bag out of his hand and ran off with it. Complainant pursued him, and so closely, that the latter was compelled to drop the property among a lot of empty barrels, lying at the foot of Cortlandt street. The accused was brought before Justice Connolly, at the lower Police Court where he was committed for trial.

ALLEGED BURGLARY.—James Edwards was taken into custody by Officer Quayle, of the Sixth Ward Police, on a charge of breaking into the larger bier saloon of Conrad Heigelst, corner of Broadway and Anthony streets, and stealing therefrom a shawl and a bundle of segars, valued at \$15. The accused was seen making his exit from the place in question by the officer, who, suspecting that he had committed something wrong, pursued him, and succeeded, after a short but exciting chase, in capturing him. The prisoner was committed for trial in default of \$1,000 bail.

## SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

Thomas Lannigan, of Canajoharie, Montgomery county, was arrested recently for having beaten in his wife's skull with an axe in a fit of phreny. Mrs. Lannigan was in very feeble health, and had been for some time past. Lannigan was known to have said that he would kill her, and when arrested, said exultingly, "I promised to kill her and have done it."

The United States Nautical Magazine for January contains an interesting paper by Edward W. Serrel, civil engineer, on the proposed interoceanic ship canal via the Atrato and Truando rivers.

An old woman of three score and ten, and trembling with infirmity, was incarcerated in the Wisconsin Jail, Me., recently, for the non-payment of a fine of three dollars and costs, for drunkenness.

S. P. Coon, of Milwaukee has invented a machine for replacing cars upon the track when thrown off.

The first Russian newspaper was established in 1703. It was founded by Peter the Great, and some of the proof-sheets of the first number, corrected by Peter's own hand, are still preserved in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg.

The Weiting Block, at Syracuse, was entirely destroyed by fire recently. This block was one of the finest in the city, situated opposite the Syracuse Hotel. The loss is very heavy, amounting to over \$200,000. The insurance was about \$58,000.

A remarkable fact for the statistician is presented in the record of the marriages in New Bedford for the year 1855, that number being 522; in 1854, the number was 521—Increase in 1855, one.

The English government have contracted with a Vermont manufacturing house for twenty-five thousand rifles. Another contract for seventy-five thousand is expected. These rifles are furnished at \$15 a piece.

Josiah A. Noonan, postmaster of Milwaukee, has been indicted by the Grand Jury, says the Wisconsin, for having paid a mail contractor, contrary to law, in other currency than that which the law makes obligatory.

The Baltimore Patriot, in describing the condition of the Maryland State Prison, says: "The female convicts present the shocking spectacle of a lawless gang of the most degraded of human beings, setting at defiance, in a great degree, the authority of both Warden and Matron, and, for want of suitable cells where the greater offenders can be put away into solitary punishment, the *lash* is the only punishment."

Two little children, one about five and the other seven years of age, were burned to death at Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, in consequence of the carelessness of their mother, who is a person of intemperate habits.

The government of the United States is the proprietor of sixteen hundred millions of acres of land. The direct sales by the government during the last year were about fourteen millions of acres. The quantity appropriated to various corporations and under the bounty laws of Congress, amount, according to the report of the Commissioner of the Land Office, to something like four times that amount.

The Boone County (Indiana) Ledger states that three interesting young ladies, on going to bed at a Mr. Hunt's near North Salem, Hendricks county, a few evenings since, took a vessel of live charcoal into their bedroom, and on the next morning were all found dead.

There is said to be more ice in the Ohio river than was ever before known. The river on the Ohio side is frozen in the vicinity of Cairo more than one hundred feet from the shore.

The king of Prussia has conferred the order of the Red Eagle, of the third class, upon Dr. Barth, the African traveller.

There are thirty-six iron ship-building establishments in Glasgow, Scotland, employing fifty thousand workmen, and ten million dollars capital.

The Cherokee Baptist College at Cassville, Ga., was entirely destroyed by fire, a few days since. The building was a new one, not quite finished, and had cost the subscribers about \$14,000.

The Russian ship *Rossia*, says the Salem Gazette, which has been for some time at Boston, to avoid the perils of the war, was taken back of East Boston and burnt on account of her owners, for the purpose of saving her iron and copper.

An old colored man named Peter Franklin, residing in a house on the farm, in Anne Arundel county, Md., was found dead, and, it is feared the extreme cold was the immediate cause of his death. As near as his age could be estimated, it is believed that he was not less than 110 years old.

There are twenty thousand Germans in Texas, of whom fourteen thousand have migrated from the west.

Benjamin F. Perry, a respectable unmarried man, 33 years old, who kept house alone in Shrewsbury, Mass., was found dead, having cut his throat with his razor.

## PROVINCIAL NEWS.

LARGE HOTEL ROBBERY IN CHARLESTON.—Among the passengers who arrived on the 13th at the Mills Hotel, Charleston, in the steamer from Havana, were Signor Francisco Aranda, Minister from Venezuela, and Florencio Reibas, Secretary of Legation, the latter of whom had \$3,000 in gold in his trunk. The trunk was deposited in his room, which he locked. After a hasty cup of coffee, Reibas went back to his room, when he met a man on the staircase hurrying down. His trunk was found open and the money gone.

ANOTHER STEAMER BURNED.—The steambot Mediator took fire on Saturday night last, when some twenty-five miles below Vicksburg, and was totally consumed. The boat and a large and valuable cargo were a total loss. The loss of life was not accurately known, but three persons, names unknown, are known to be lost beyond doubt. The origin of the fire is not reported. The Mediator passed down by Vicksburg on the morning of the 3d inst., deeply laden with up-country produce. She was from Cincinnati, where she was owned, and bound for New Orleans. The Mediator was rather an old boat, of medium size, and her value was probably not over \$12,000 to \$15,000. The greatest loss is in the cargo.

Among the "quaint and curious" correspondence, says the *Sandusky Register*, almost daily received at the Cosmopolitan Office, in this city, we have been shown the following from a genius "Out West." To the inquiry propounded him by the Association, demanding, "How many papers are published in your place—population, &c.," the reply was:—

"No papers published here, because the people can't read." The population is as follows:—

160 | Other dam Dutch.....80  
Amsterdam Dutch.....175 | White Men.....7  
There was formerly eight white men. Your humble servant has vacated the ranche and pitched his tent in Mineral Point, where, if he can aid the Cosmopolitan in a moral or religious way, command him.

THE ICE-BRIDGE-ADVENTURE.—For a week past, says the *Niagara Falls Gazette*, the communication between this village and the Canada shore, by the ice-bridge, has been uninterrupted. The large body of ice which had formed across the ferry and far above, a week ago, has become thicker, and is consequently safer for pedestrians. The ice is probably from twenty to thirty feet thick, and perhaps more. The crossing is perfectly safe, and the view which can now be obtained of the cataraict is unsurpassed. Such an opportunity as is now presented for obtaining a front view of the Falls rarely occurs. Previous to Saturday ice had formed up to Goat Island, and the landing could be made from the Canada side. This is a circumstance of very rare occurrence. We are informed that such a thing has not happened for the last twenty or twenty-five years. This fact lends a romantic character to an adventure of Chas. W. Jones, E. M. Clark and H. A. Race on Thursday of last week. These gentlemen were the first to cross to Goat Island. After leaving the ferry stairs they crossed to the Canada shore, and thence struck directly back to Goat Island, ascending the Biddle Staircase. Just before the party reached the island they discovered an "iceberg" coming down from near the Horse-Shoe Falls. They judged it to be about one hundred feet square and twenty feet thick. Standing as they were on a neck of ice between the American Fall and the approaching "iceberg," they were not without apprehension as to the result of the concussion. The monster struck, was arrested in his downward career, and made a large addition to the field on which they stood. Since then many others have gone over the "ground," but on Saturday the ice broke away near the island, since which it cannot be reached in that direction. The ice at the ferry bids fair to remain a long time.

RAVAGES OF WOLVES IN IOWA.—Civilization, it appears, has not yet entirely banished "wolves, bars, and other varmints" from the rapidly filling States of the North-west. Not many years since, Chicago was greatly infested by wolves during the winter months, and in the neighborhood of the Packing Houses it was first-rate sport to single out victims who were attracted thither by the smell of the offal. In travelling through the West it is now a common occurrence to see a number of cattle amongst a herd with their tails either wholly or partially gone—gnawed off by wolves when the animals were young and defenceless. Like the race of Indians, however, the wild tribe of animals are rapidly retreating, and it is to be hoped that such a tragedy as the following will not have frequent recurrence. Owing to the extreme cold, says the *Keokuk Post*, for some time past, the wolves in Pottawatomie county have become dangerous neighbors. Poultry-yards and sheep-folds have been robbed to a frightful extent, and in several instances the hungry beasts have not been inclined to spare the human species. About three weeks ago a man was returning from a prayer-meeting, accompanied by his two daughters, one sixteen and the other twenty-three years of age. They were all riding the same horse, when suddenly a pack of timber wolves assailed them, and being unable to escape by flight, they attempted to defend themselves. But the ferocious brutes attacked the horse, rendering him unmanageable. The eldest daughter was partly thrown and partly dragged to the ground, and instantly devoured. This enabled the father and the other daughter to escape. Several neighbors were soon mustered, but upon repairing to the spot nothing was found but one shoe, and a very few remnants of the unfortunate girl's clothing. A boy about thirteen years old left his father's house to get water at a spring, which was about half a mile distant, since which time nothing has been seen of him. The pall was found near the spring, also some marks of blood and a lock of two of hair. Several persons have been chased by these savage monsters.



## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE OF THE WEEK.

## CONGREGATIONAL.

The American Tract Society, whose principal office is in this city, has made a donation of 50,000 pages of Temperance publications to the Free Church Temperance Society in Scotland. John M. Douglass, Esq., secretary of the last mentioned Society, acknowledges the reception of the grant, and requests a new appropriation, which has been made.

There are in the United States three denominations called "Christians," who use only the Scottish version of the Book of Psalms, in the worship of God—viz., the Reformed Presbyterians, or Covenanters; the Associate Presbyterians, or Seceders; and the Associate Reformed Presbyterians. In the aggregate, these denominations number more than six hundred ministers, and about eight hundred congregations. They are called Christians by their neighbors, but are not by any means ambitious to be enrolled with those popular churches of the country, who either fellowship slaveholders, or declare slavery no bar to Christian communion.

The Rev. S. H. Emery was recently installed pastor of the First Congregational Church in Taunton, Mass. Invocation and reading of the Scriptures by the Rev. A. B. Campbell, of Mendon; introductory prayer by the Rev. G. J. King, of Quincy; sermon by President Sturtevant, of Jacksonville; installing prayer by the Rev. C. Peabody, of St. Louis, Mo.; charge to the pastor, by the Rev. H. Foote, of Quincy; fellowship of the churches, by the Rev. W. A. Nichols, of Chicago; address to the people, by the Rev. E. Johnson, of Jacksonville; concluding prayer, by the Rev. Wm. McCallister; and benediction by the pastor.

By a recent letter from Jerusalem, we learn that a Mr. Walter Dickson, from Groton, Mass., is now successfully prosecuting an agricultural and religious mission among the Jews at Jaffa, near Jerusalem. We learn also that the Mosque of Omar, which has been religiously closed against all but faithful Mussulmen, is now thrown open to all people. This last named event is regarded as very significant by observers of the times.

The Rev. Daniel Chapman has been installed pastor of the First Congregational Church at Lyndon, Illinois.

The Rev. Benjamin Judkins, formerly of Nantucket, Mass., has been called to the First Orthodox Congregational Church in Somerville.

The Rev. George N. Webber, a recent graduate of Amherst College and Andover Theological Seminary, has been installed pastor of the South Congregational Church in St. Johnsbury, Vermont. Sermon by the Rev. Dr. Sweetser, of Worcester, Mass.

The Rev. M. Peden has taken charge of the churches at Bethesda and Lebanon. P. O. address, New Prospect, Mississippi.

The Rev. Prof. C. F. McCay has been elected President of the College of South Carolina, in place of Rev. Dr. J. H. Thornwell, resigned.

A new and handsome Congregational church at Lawn Ridge, in Marshall County, Ill., has been dedicated recently. The pastor was assisted by Rev. Messrs. Bristol and Cutter. This church was materially aided by the Building Fund.

The Rev. S. W. S. Dutton recently preached a powerful and feeling appeal to the charity of his hearers in behalf of the Orphan Asylum in New Haven. The sum of \$400 was readily and freely given.

## THE CATHOLIC APOSTOLIC CHURCH, OR IRVINGITES.

This body of professed Christians has attracted but little attention in the United States, until within a year or two. As a sect it has made but little noise; but its efforts to proselyte, have been very successful. The celebrated *Edward Irving* of London is claimed by many as the real founder of this sect, though this is not acknowledged by the so-called Irvingites themselves. By the Rev. Irving is acknowledged to have been an evangelical preacher, who possessed some knowledge of the truth, much of the grace of God, and published to the world not so much his own views, as those of the apostles, of old.

In former years, the scattered members of this sect generally worshipped with the Episcopal Church, and cheerfully placed themselves under the pastoral care of clergymen of that church; at the same time, however, it must not be overlooked, that wherever it was practicable, they formed themselves into small assemblies for the purpose of worshipping after their own mode. As far as we can learn, the first Irvingite congregation on this continent was gathered in Toronto, Canada West, but a few years since. Now, congregations are established in Boston, New York, and in other cities.

In most respects the Irvingites are thoroughly Protestant, and at the same time as truly Catholic; for they acknowledge all persons to be Christians, who have been baptized in the name of the Trinity, and regard themselves and others thus baptized, as only members of the one great Holy Catholic Church, now divided by unhappy differences. They object to the Roman Catholic Church principally on account of a too great reverence for what appears to them to be superstition; they fault the Episcopal Church for not being superstitious enough, and they object to the other more common bodies of Protestant Christians mainly as regards church government. A recent and very intelligent writer on this subject has said that "necessity and the census-takers have forced upon the Irvingites the propriety of assuming a designation which should distinguish them from the rest of the religious world whom they continue to claim as members of a common brotherhood."

In regard of church government, the Irvingites hold to seven orders, viz., Apostles, Bishops, Prophets, Evangelists, Pastors, Elders, and Deacons. The apostles oversee the entire church, the bishops are the high-priests of individual congregations, the prophets are the acknowledged mouth-pieces of divinity, the evangelists preach the gospel, the pastors attend to the holy things of the congregation and offer up their prayers, the elders supervise the well-being of the flock, and the deacons advise concerning the temporalities of the congregation.

The attributed mode of the appointment of the ministry who governs this sect, forms one of the greatest singularities of the body. It is alleged that they are specially designated by the Deity to their work, and that his word is conveyed to the church through persons speaking by inspiration. These parties are pointed out generally by the use of some sign or word, which is afterward interpreted, generally, by that minister called the "Prophet," or by some other high officer. The ministers thus pointed out, afterwards ordained, are, unless they be of the higher order, not taken away from their daily pursuits, but continue to practice their professions, receiving only such compensation, if any, as the temporalities of the church allow, or their own wants call for.

Offerings and tithes strictly compose one of the most prominent features in their practices. These are literally assessed upon their congregations, and each head of a family is expected promptly at his appointed time to pay into the tithe-box the tenth part of the profits of his business or labor. This sum is the amount appointed for the use of the church and the ministry, while offerings are collected of all, according to their means, for the relief of the poor, and the concerns of the congregation, &c.

In respect of miracles, they seem to claim some affinity to the Roman Catholic Church. The performance of miracles through the merits of our Saviour, is looked upon as one of the favors granted never to be taken from the world. There are but few congregations of this sect who do not relate the circumstances of mighty deeds done in answer to the prayers of the ministers set over them. As a consequence, the *Dicine unctio* is received as a means of this power, and although the formula is not elevated to the sanctity of a sacrament, it is looked upon as a typical means for the accomplishment of a great and good work.

Their churches in every part of the world are built after the same pattern, i. e., is interiorly. The building is divided into two sections, the sanctuary and the body. The former, taking in about one-third of the house, is raised above the body of the church, and is ascended by three steps. At its extreme back is the altar, to the right of which is the chair for the angel, and to the left that for the prophet. To the left is the reading-desk appointed for the evangelist. The elders sit in seats transverse to the house, on the right, and the pastors to the left. The deacons are disposed on a seat outside the sanctuary, facing the altar, and immediately in front of the congregation. The seats or pews are generally made without doors, so that none may even by such a slight obstacle be debarred from admission to a seat, all of which are free, the rental being paid from the collection of tithes. The baptismal font, in a direct line with the centre-piece of the altar, is placed at the immediate entrance into the building, a place selected as typifying the entry into the living church.

Their churches are opened for divine service every day, as follows:—Every Sunday there are three services, at 6, 10½, and 5 o'clock. Every other day in the week, at sunrise and sunset. To these are added occasional services made use of for the work of propagation, called "Evangelical preaching."

The mode of service, unlike the creed, is marked with a strong similarity to that of the Romish church. The prayers are intoned, and the action of the ministers is closely allied to that of the priests of that church. The liturgy is composed in part from those of the Episcopal and Romish churches; but many of the prayers are original and very beautiful; the reading of the ten commandments is entirely omitted; crosses are interspersed throughout the book of prayer, and pauses are left for the offering of secret prayer. The services are also marked by the array of dress so favored by the Romanists. The alb, the cope, the girdle, and all those other vestments typifying events in the Saviour's life, are used and worn according to the prayer-book pronounced. The Eucharist, or Lord's Supper, is administered on each Sunday, and every member of the church in good standing is expected to partake.

The use of prophecy is the great feature of the Irvingites. For this purpose spaces are left in the prayers of the morning service, where, in silence, it is generally usual for the prophesying to be done. These words are generally given in a chanting tone, and they seldom convey to the mind of the minutest observer a definite idea of the subject referred to. At other times the words are repeated in a tongue called "the unknown tongue," which it requires a second prophet to reveal.

The "laying on of hands" is equivalent to the rite of confirmation of the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians. It is not administered until the applicant is twenty-one years of age, and is well accredited by the angel of his church. It is administered by the apostle at his discretion, generally about Easter week. It is also a part of the ceremony included in the ordination services, and is supposed to carry with it the gift of the Holy Spirit.

In this city it is supposed there are about six hundred members of this church, while they are constantly filling their ranks from the valuable portions of society. In Boston it is estimated that they have almost an equivalent proportion of adherents. In Canada their numbers are much larger. Toronto, boasting of the headquarters of their churches, rule on this continent. The rural districts of this state have a small proportion of members, but generally their worship is privately conducted, and the individuals are in charge of Protestant ministers. In Great Britain, France, and Prussia they most abound, numbering certainly not less than 20,000 members. Latterly, several Episcopalians, both laics and clerics, have openly joined the Irvingites in this city. They have now a church in Sixteenth-street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues.

## MUSIC.

**THEODORE EISELDT'S SOIRÉE.**—The thirtieth concert of the entire series, and the third of the present series of these excellent concerts, takes place at Fodor's Rooms this evening. In addition to Mr. Eiseltd's admirable quartette party, Mrs. Wm. Vincent Wallace will perform Mendelssohn's grand trio in D, minor, and a vocal Quartette, consisting of Messrs. Beutler, P. Mayer, Meyer and Oehrlin, will sing two new compositions by Mr. Eiseltd. This promises to be the finest concert of the series, and we cordially recommend our readers to attend.

**COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT TO JOHN A. KYLE.**—The complimentary concert has been offered by our citizens to that well-known artist, Mr. John A. Kyle, will take place at the City Assembly Rooms, on Friday evening, January 1st. He will be assisted by the best available talent, both vocal and instrumental, and the attraction of the new and beautiful *Salle de Concert*, which this concert inaugurates for musical purposes, will assuredly help to swell the receipts. As this will be the last appearance of Mr. Kyle, flute in hand, before the public, let us hope that he will have a "bumper" at parting.

**ITALIAN OPERA IN PHILADELPHIA.**—The Italian artists from New York, have been giving Operas in Philadelphia with "mad success." *Il Trovatore* became the "rage," and attracted overflowing audiences. The applause was said to be enthusiastic, but very discriminating. The company as a whole, was much better appreciated there than here. Boston has been favored by a visit during the pre-ent week.

**MR. GEORGE LODER.**—We learn from private sources, that, in all probability, Mr. George Loder is on his way back to this city. He has met with uninterrupted success, and assumed at once, of course, the highest musical position in California. Music in New York owes more to his exertions than to the endeavors of any other man in the country. He has practically carried out the suggestions made by the few writers, who, in times gone by, took a lively interest in the onward progress of music. He will be heartily welcomed back to the scene of his early and most successful labors.

**HERK MESSER.**—All who remember the happy and jolly face, the rich and sonorous voice, and the portly figure of Herr Messer, during his advent here with the charming Catherine Hayes, will be glad to learn that he has returned from California, and is now in this city, less weighty in person, but infinitely heavier in purse. He has been successful, and has retained, like a sensible man, the sterling evidences of that success. During his absence from New York he has travelled all through California, and has visited South America, singing in operas Italian and English, both with Catherine Hayes and Madame Anna Bishop. We do not know if he intends to take up his residence here, but if he does, we think he would prove a most valuable acquisition to any theatre in which English or Italian opera may be expected as a feature. He is said to be a versatile and excellent actor.

**A NEW MUSICAL ENTERPRISE.** We are informed by Mr. George Danakin, the well known musical and dramatic agent here, that he contemplates engaging some eminent vocalists in Europe, Clara Novello among others is mentioned, and bringing them to New York for the purpose of giving a series of Grand Oratorios and other sacred works of the great masters. He proposes to secure the cooperation of such choral societies as are to be found here, in order to make the choral department of unexampled efficiency and strength. The idea strikes us most favorably, and we have perfect confidence in his ability to carry it out to a successful issue. We need some such enterprise to give an impulse to the feeling for a higher class of sacred music, which has been allowed almost to die out in our midst. There will be found ample material in New York in connection with the proposed engagements, for carrying out all the details of such an enterprise, and we suggest that our resident solo vocalists be considered in the plan. Mrs. Edward Loder, the best representative of the classic sacred school that ever came to our city, should not be forgotten. Mrs. Bostwick, Mr. Allen Irving, a most charming concert singer, and many others of great excellence should be included in the arrangements.

We have no doubt that a great and cordial interest could be created among our religious communities, and indeed in all circles, which would render the speculation almost a certainty. We trust that sufficient encouragement will be given to Mr. Danakin, to induce him to carry out his proposed scheme, for the revival of Oratorio Music.

## THE DRAMA.

**BROADWAY THEATRE.**—The only novelty at this establishment during the past week, was a farce recently played at Burton's, called *One Hour with a Tiger*. The two show pieces, *the Sea of Ice*, and *King Charming*, have been first played on alternate nights, and afterwards together.

**BURTON'S THEATRE.**—The comedy of the *Upper Ten and Lower Twenty* has been the distinguishing feature of the past week. Mr. Burton's acting in this piece is worthy of the highest praise; it is terribly, fearfully natural, literally horrifying the feelings and making the blood run cold. The regular Burton favorite, *Dombey and Son*, was played on Thursday to a capital house, and *Sweethearts and Wives*, with the *Toddles*, crowded the house to its utmost capacity on Friday evening. "Burton's New York Directory" is, we are quite assured, referred to much oftener than any other Directory in the city.

**WALLACE'S THEATRE.**—The comedy of *Love and Money*, and the well known drama of *Pauline*, together with the irrepressible *Extraordinary*, *Pe-a-cham-las* have formed the staple of entertainment at this popular and elegant establishment during the past week. The houses have been generally most excellent, proving that the class of entertainments selected by the management is exactly suited to the taste of its patrons. The "dull season" has consequently but little effect upon the attendance of this theatre.

**LAURA KEENE'S VARIETIES.**—The production of Bulwer's popular play, the *Lady of Lyons*, at this establishment, has attracted considerable attention during the past week. The cast was as follows:—*Pauline*, Laura Keene; *Madame Deuchapelles*, Miss Wells; *Claude Melville*, Mr. Jordan; *Dumas*, Mr. Bass; *Beau-sant*, Mr. Chandler; *Glavis*, Mr. Johnston; *Deuchapelles*, Mr. Weymes. This cast has its strength and its weakness. The weakest part was certainly Mr. Johnston, although the fault rests certainly more with the manager than the actor. Everybody knows that *Glavis* is entirely out of the line of Mr. Johnston, and he does not do well what he cannot do well, must not be brought in accusation against him; if in doing his best for the character of a foppish coquette, which is out of his line, he involuntarily indulges in the manner of the man "who kills for Keyser," the error of judgment rests with the manager. Miss Laura Keene created a sensation by her representation of *Pauline*. It was carefully studied, and conceived in an original and forcible manner. She threw into it all the impassioned impulse of her nature, and delineated the strongly contrasted feelings of the character of *Pauline* with startling and admirable truthfulness. It was a truly excellent piece of acting, and must be conceded as new triumph achieved by this talented actress.

Mr. Jordan disappointed us, although perhaps we had no right to expect a higher conception of the character than he presented. The acting of the rest of the cast was fully up to their conceded reputation.

The comedy of *Money* has also been produced at this theatre during the week, the manager of *Edwin* being assisted by Mr. G. Jordan, and that of *Clara Douglas* by Miss Laura Keene, Miss Wells, Franck and Deign, and Mr. A. Filman appear nightly in *L'Alemande a T. ois*.

**NIBLO'S GARDEN.**—A new comicality by Jerome Ravel, called the *Schoolmaster*, is a new attraction at this house. It has been highly successful, and will, in all probability, prove a special favorite for some time to come. It is full of the genuine Ravel drolleries and peculiarities, and is altogether a capital affair. *Katey the Vindictive* and *Ranul or the Magic Star* continue to receive nightly demonstrations of delight and admiration, expressed by loud and hearty plaudits from large and brilliant audiences.

**BROADWAY VARIETIES.**—This is a new candidate for public favor. It was the Old Christy Hall, and has been altered by Mr. Wood into a neat little theatre, which will be opened on the 4th of February by the "Marsh Children, whose performances at the Broadway Theatre a few weeks since have been largely commended. We shall keep our eye upon the Broadway Varieties; it has a good chance of success if ordinary tact and enterprise are brought to bear upon the undertaking.

Mr. Forrest played a very successful engagement at Baltimore last week. He proposes visiting Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New Orleans and other places, professionally, during the present winter.

At New Orleans, the Mayor of the city and other influential persons tendered a complimentary benefit to Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, on the 12th of January. Mr. Hackett volunteered his services.

At Cincinnati recently, a benefit was given for the poor. The programme included scenes from *Richard III*, *Othello*, *The Loan of a Lover*, *Golden Farmer*, &c., the characters being sustained by artists, journalists, telegraph operators, lawyers, merchants, daguerreotypists, architects, booksellers, &c. The character of *Othello* was sustained by a mechanic. The rage for amateur performances is, we regret to see, spreading very fast. We must however applaud the motives in the present instance.

J. W. Wallace, Sen., concluded his Boston engagement last Saturday. W. H. Crisp is now the manager of the Athenaeum at Cleveland, where Miss E. Logan is now playing.

Mr. Joseph Proctor is now performing at the Boston theatre.

Mr. Chantreau is at present at the Baltimore Museum.

Mr. W. Davidge will visit Pittsburg next month, to fulfil an engagement there.

The date of his complimentary benefit is not yet announced, we believe. It is not improbable that it may be postponed for a short period.

## SLEIGHING SCENE, LIVINGSTON STREET, BALTIMORE.

FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY J. B. WHITEHURST.

AMONG all the carnival scenes, which have characterized the recent "snow season," perhaps no one was more remarkable for fun and frolic than "the boys' own day," down the descending grade in Livingston street, Baltimore. The ground was covered with ice from top to bottom, and "Young America" by common consent took possession of it from four o'clock until late at night. The hilarity of the youngsters soon attracted a crowd, and the fun was electric. Thousands of citizens, including a splendid representation of the famed belles of "the Monument city," lined the sidewalks and crowded the balustrade belonging to the venerable Court House,

forming altogether a picture of rare interest. The "rising," and "descending" generation was in its glory. The air was bracing, and as the boys once started from the top of the hill came down with constantly accelerating speed, any incident or petty accident was hailed with loud laughter, and if anything more than usually exciting occurred, called forth loud cheers. An impression becoming quite prevalent that the snow would not last, "boys of larger growth" engaged in the sport, who were in turn followed by grave and reverend seigniors. Sleds now gave way to sleighs of every size and style, including the "extemporaneous bob effort," up to the complicated and highly varnished aristocratic vehicle. The fun now grew fast and furious, every body suddenly came to the conclusion that he was insured, for in the rapid descent, now increased by the weight of the descending object, legs and ribs were considered above damage, and upsets, and collisions reigned supreme. The spectators enjoyed the sport, and so loud finally became the shoutings and huzzas, that they were heard distinctly in the parlor of the Gilmore House, and Barnum's, echoing almost to the extreme of Monument Square. The day thus commemorated will be long remembered by all who participated in the healthful and exhilarating sport, and all who witnessed it, returned to their homes, with brighter eyes, and better hearts.

## SOULOUQUE, LATE EMPEROR OF HAYTI.

The defeat of Soulouque will be hailed by every friend of humanity; but in his disappearance from among the "imperial" family of monarchs, will be forever destroyed one of the grossest caricatures on the office of kingly majesty that was ever presented to the gaping world. Soulouque in his glory, was a living representation of the absurdity of his office, and should therefore have been proscribed, if it were not at too great a cost. Soulouque is a native of Hayti, and was elected President in 1849. Soon after his elevation to power, he managed to get a Senate and House of Representatives in his favor, and by a *coup d'état* caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor. Once established in his new dignity, he commenced creating titles, and soon had about him more princes and dukes than all the courts of Europe combined could boast of. His proclamations and official acts have all been ushered into the world with a pomp of language quite equal to the best specimens of court proclamations. At the present time his sooty majesty, if living, is about sixty-three years of age, very black, and has a numerous family of children.

## PEDRO SANTANA, LIBERATOR AND PRESIDENT OF THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

The history of Pedro Santana is the history of the Dominican Republic. They commenced their noble but troubled career together in the noblest episode of the terrible drama of Hayti. No one who knows him believes he will consent to survive the white republic, which his blood and the blood of his gallant comrades have covered with a baptism of glory.

Santana was born about the beginning of this century among the green hills of Seybo, a province in the eastern section of the Island of Hayti, equally famous for its pastoral wealth and the wild independence of its people. Here young Pedro was nurtured in the love of freedom, and he's breast was wrung into a fixed resolution to resist the cruel tyranny of the blacks, who had poured down their overwhelming hordes from the west—the French section of the island—and allying with the worst and most ignorant class of negroes among them, had reduced the Spanish colony of St. Domingo to a bondage of inconceivable horrors. The leading white families were plundered of their property and slaughtered without mercy. Their delicate daughters became the ill-treated slaves of the brutal negroes, and happy were they esteemed who could escape the island to earn or beg their bread in more peaceful lands.

The family of Pedro Santana suffered with all the other whites, and particularly those criminal of large fortunes and high descent. Their splendid estates in the beautiful country towards the old French frontier were swept from them by the blacks, and the broken remnants of the kindred found asylum in the distant and safer district of Seybo.

There, amid a rustic but not ill-disposed population, the young Pedro was born and reared in the wild but pleasant cattle ranges amid the herdsmen, always eminently ready to share any hardship or any danger that beset the meaneast of his comrades. These habits of active life and unpretending equality endeared him to the youth of his district, while his courage and promptitude, his clear head, firm heart, and strong will, made him by common consent their leader. He had, too, in his veins a touch of their old race of chieftains, which won the love and confidence of those who were of Indian descent; and there are very many more than is generally thought, of the race of the original lords of the soil in Hayti. The Indian blood is visible in Santanas—though it does not predominate—and this has made him an acceptable—as fidelity to their interests has made him an idolized-chief for the entire population of Indian cross.

On those who were much with him, he was always impressing the duty of redeeming their country; and the thought, the wish, the determination to throw off the yoke of the Haytian negroes, spread like a contagion and it was treasured like a vow among all the youth of the Spanish section of the island.

At length, in February 1844, the young men of the city of San Domingo rose suddenly, without much premeditation, with scarcely a shadow of plan, concert or preparation among them, attacked the negro garrison and surprised them and the authorities into a surrender. Raising over the citadel and the Conde gate the banner of the white cross, they boldly declared the birth and the independence of the Dominican republic.

The cry rung through the country like an electric shock, the white Cross was flung out in every town and village, and every white man that could wield arms, seized such as he could command and hastened to the defence of the new born republic.

"At last we have a country," they shouted gladly to each other as they rushed to the frontier to meet and repel the advancing armies of Solouque.

The men of Seybo rallied at the first war-cry around their beloved and trusted Santana. Under his lead they swept in a tornado of fierce excitement over the rugged sierras that barred their way and poured down the defiles of the mountains upon the negro generals, while they were still entangled in the difficult passes. It is a romantic, incredible tale, that with less than five hundred hasty, ill-armed levies, Santana fell upon Solouque's thousands at Carreras and drove him back to his lair in confusion and defeat. His rapid movements and his masterly seizure of the vantage ground, made Solouque's cavalry a snare and his artillery utterly useless.

"My sons, you must take those pieces for me," said Santana to a company of his devoted followers, and at the word they stormed up the mountain steep under cover of a single discharge of their muskets, which they then drew down, and carried the cannon with "armas blancas," their knives alone, from the Haytians.

One other battle was fought and won against the same desperate odds, and then the Haytians retreated to their own western end of the island.

After a season of comparative quiet to Dominica, Soulouque, who has always cherished the determination of destroying Dominica, announced his army ready to invade the Republic, and boasted that he had the countenance and sympathy of France and England. On the morning of the 11th of Dec., at six o'clock, the cannon of Port au Prince pompously announced the departure of Soulouque at the head of his army of 30,000 men (?), professing to conquer St. Domingo, which he claimed as the eastern end of his empire. The Dominicans under Gen. Santana met their black foe on the frontiers, and the glorious news is confirmed, that Soulouque was defeated with a loss of two or three hundred men, and many of his best officers, besides all his munitions of war, provisions, and his military chest, containing all the funds for the intended prosecution of the war. Immediately after the battle, Gen. Santana offered a reward of 10,000 doubloons for Soulouque's head, and so great is the indignation of the Haytians at the conduct of their Emperor, that it is believed at Port au Prince, that if he escapes the Dominicans, he will be put to death by his own subjects. This victory will give a new interest to Gen. Santana; it will create for Dominica an increased sympathy; and we trust that the efforts of Gen. Caizaneu and other friends of Dominica residing in this country will result in establishing diplomatic relations between our government and that of the man whose history we have attempted to give in this imperfect sketch.





SOULOQUE, LATE EMPEROR OF HAITI. (SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

## SERGEANT UZAL KNAPP.

SERGEANT UZAL KNAPP, the last survivor of Washington's Life Guard, died on his farm, in Little Britain, Orange County, on the 11th inst., and was buried at Newburg, on the 16th inst.

Mr. Knapp was born in Connecticut, 1761, and joined the revolutionary army at the age of sixteen. He fought at White Plains, Ridgefield, Monmouth, and Yorktown. In 1780, he became a member of the famous Life Guard, and served as its sergeant for two years, with the marked approbation of Washington. After leaving the service, he spent the remainder of his days in agriculture, on a farm in the rich district of Orange, known as Little Britain; and, at the age of ninety-four, sunk to his rest, beloved and respected by all who knew him. His body was taken to Newburg on the 14th,

and deposited in the old Hasbrouck House, so well known as Washington's Head Quarters, and on Wednesday it was committed to the grave, with all the honors of war. The stores and public buildings of Newburg were draped in mourning, and thousands went to the old house, while the body lay awaiting sepulture, to take their last look at the venerable man who connected the past age of patriotism and danger with the present of glory and enjoyment.

The Rev. John Brown, D.D., Rector of St. George's Church, of Newburgh, preached the funeral sermon at the church, and a large number of military companies and civic associations of Albany, Newburgh, Montgomery, Port Jervis, and other places, together with the corporate authorities of Newburgh and a vast concourse of citizens, attended his remains to their final resting place. It is well to show honor to such men in life, and to mark their departure from earth with circumstances which will embellish and enrich the nation's history.

In 1834 a pension of \$120 a year was granted to Mr. Knapp by the Government of the United States; and, during the last summer, he applied for the lands given to the survivors of the Revolution by an act of the last Congress. His warrant had not been received at the time of his death. He did not live to look upon the broad acres awarded by the bounty of the government he fought to establish. He occupies but a few feet in the soil made sacred by the events of the past, and on the very spot where the army of the revolution was disbanded. Three-quarters of a century ago he kept watch over the fortunes of America. To-day he lies beneath the sod, his feet then pressed; and over his grave floats in the breeze the stars and stripes of the great republic of the world, bearing for its motto "Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable."

Mr. Knapp belonged to a church in his neighborhood. Some years ago, and after the old man had become very deaf, the pastor of the church called to see him. As he was about to leave, Mr. Knapp asked him to pray before going. The clergyman objected, assigning as a reason that Mr. Knapp was too deaf to hear it. The old man straightened himself, and looking sternly in his visitor's face, said: "Though I am deaf, God is not!"

The following is the honorable discharge of the gallant old soldier from the army of the Revolution;—

By His Excellency, George Washington, Esq., General and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of the United States of America.

We are to certify that the bearer hereof, Uzal Knapp, a Sergeant in the Third Connecticut Regiment, having faithfully served the United States from July 1st, 1777, to the date hereof, and being intitled for the War only, is hereby discharged from the American Army.

Given at Head Quarters, the eighth day of June, 1783. G. Washington.

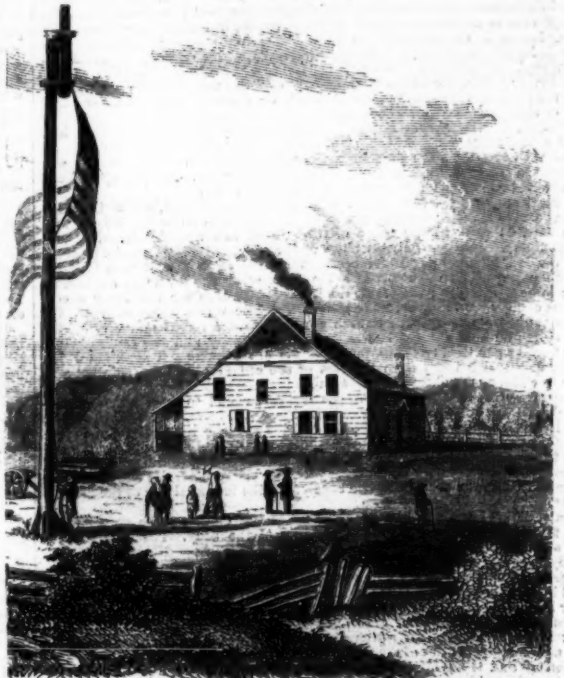
By his Excellency's Command. J. Trumbull, Jun., Secretary.

Entered in the Books of the Regiment. Jos. Clark, Adjutant.

It is above, Uzal Knapp, a Sergeant, has been honored with the Badge of Merit for six years faithful service. Sam. B. Webb, Colonel.



GENERAL PEDRO SANTANA, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF DOMINICA.  
FROM A DAGUERRETYPE, BY HARTMANN.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, NEWBURG, N. Y.

## WASHINGTON'S HEAD QUARTERS, NEWBURG, N. Y.

This house is now the property of the State of New York. The small windows, antiquated piazza, and long steep roof, are all characteristic of the revolutionary era. It was occupied by Washington as his head quarters while his army was at New Windsor. The room used by Washington as his parlor is small, but neat; it was in this hallowed place that the honored remains of Uzal Knapp, the last of his life guards, lay in state, previous to being conveyed to their last resting place.



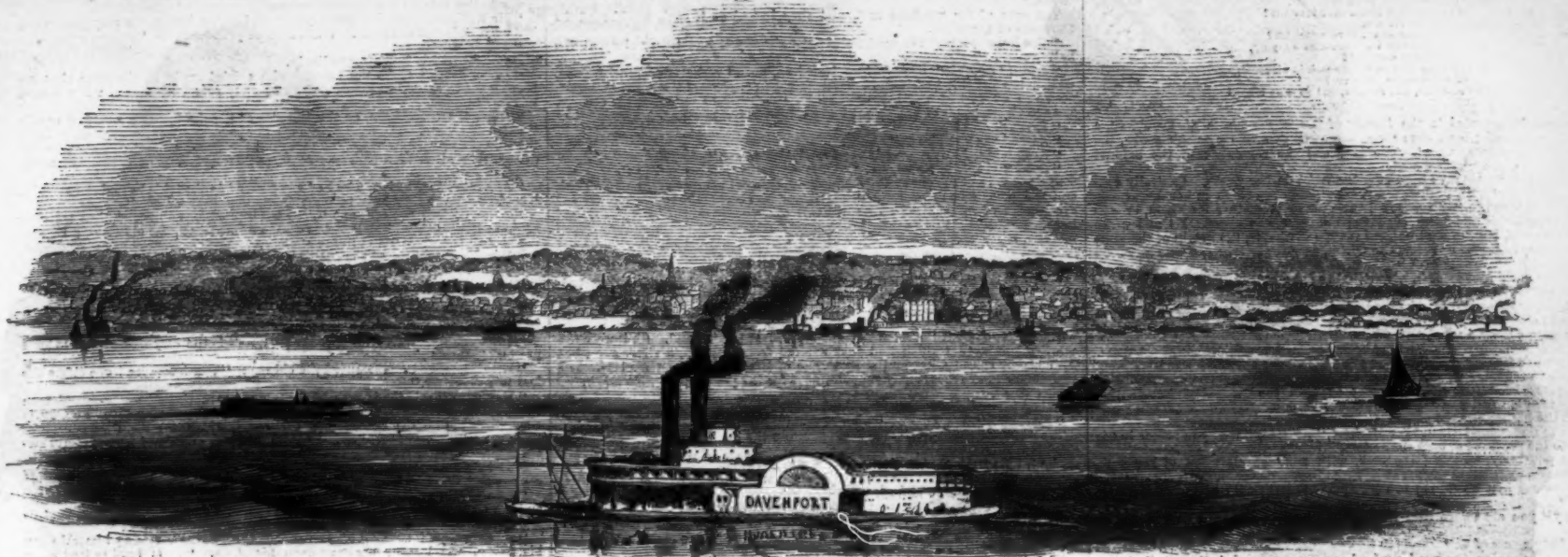
UZAL KNAPP, THE LAST OF WASHINGTON'S LIFE GUARDS,  
FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY TELLER, OF NEWBURG, N. Y.



SNOWING SCENE IN BALTIMORE. FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY G. H. WHITEHURST OF BALTIMORE.—(SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)



OPENING OF THE FIRST RAILROAD IN IOWA.



CITY OF DAVENPORT, IOWA.

RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE MISSISSIPPI, CONNECTING ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS, WITH DAVENPORT, IOWA.

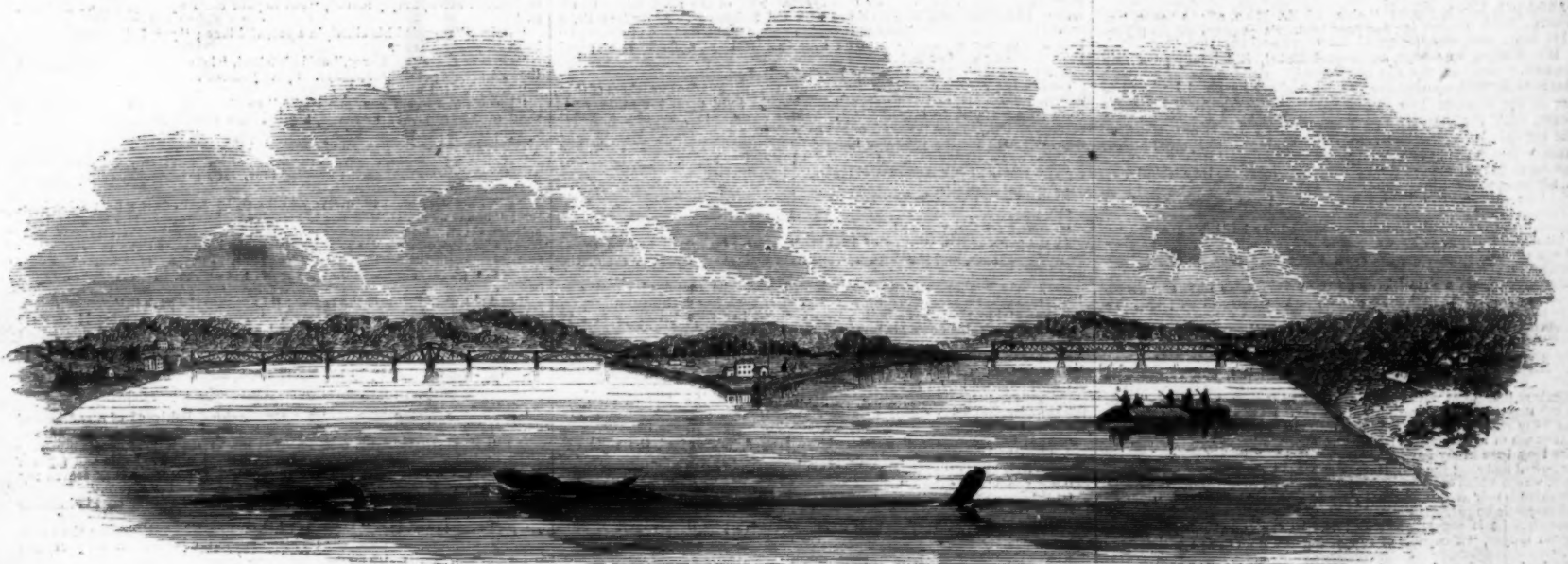
The Mississippi Bridge at Davenport, Iowa, connecting the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad with the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, is 1,490 feet over the main channel, five spans, each 250 feet, and two draws, 120 feet each; it then passes across Rock Island, which is about a half mile wide, to the South Branch, which has three spans, each 250 feet, making the total length of the bridge 2,240 feet. At the left of the engraving is a massive brick block (in Davenport, Iowa,) erected by J. M. D. Burrows, Esq., this season. It is probably the finest building on the Upper Mississippi, containing five store rooms, 130 feet deep, fronting on the river and Front street; adjoining is a Steam Flouring Mill, owned by Mr. Burrows

west to the city of Muscatine is also completed. The first locomotive in Iowa was brought to Davenport, and is now making daily trips to Muscatine and Iowa city, and soon the inhabitants bordering on the Missouri River, in Iowa, and Nebraska, will be startled by the shrill whistle of the locomotive.

ROCK ISLAND, AFTER A DRAWING BY DALLAS.

SETTING down a pair of compasses large enough to extend thirty-five miles around the lower end of Rock Island, we have within the circle, one of the handsomest and most delightful spots of the same size, on the whole globe. The island lies in latitude 41, is two miles

feel as the nigger felt after he had been whipped—so much the better, after they have done smarting. We recommend all people henceforth to mind their own business, and leave Mormonism to those who can handle it, for all its opponents who have yet entered the field are notoriously incompetent to touch its interests in any manner. The Latter Day Saints are known to be in good hands; their destiny is with the Almighty. It is his power and influence that have placed Governor Young in his present honorable station, and he will keep him therein as long as it is expedient. The Lord has given him sufficient wisdom to cope with this generation; no matter in what position he may be placed he is equal to every emergency. He is a perfect master of theology in all its branches; as a politician, he is unequalled; as a tactician, he cannot be excelled. His influence over the people is a hundred per cent greater than



RAILROAD BRIDGE, CONNECTING DAVENPORT WITH ROCK ISLAND CITY.

also, just completed, which turns out daily 400 barrels flour. This gentleman has purchased within the year over half a million bushels of wheat.

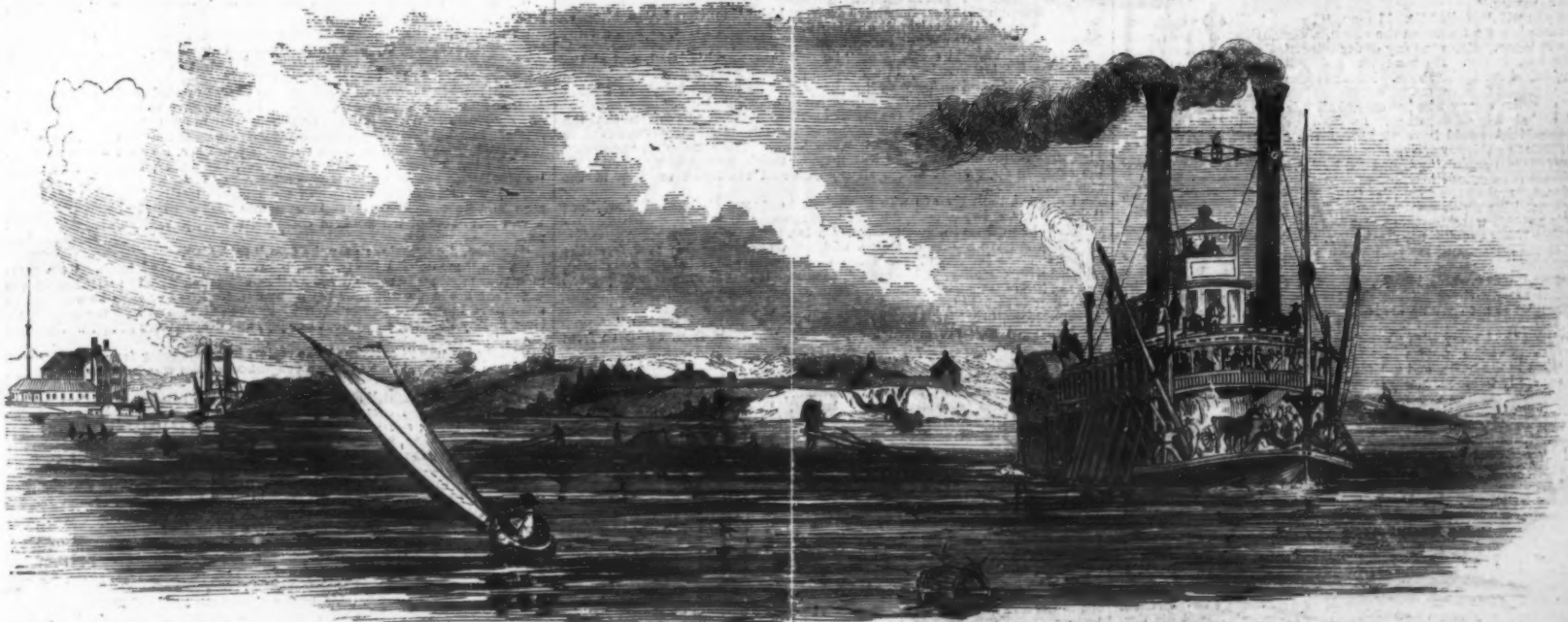
The Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, commencing at Davenport, Iowa, is to traverse the State in nearly a due west course, until it strikes the Missouri River. A branch of the same will also be constructed, leaving the main branch twenty-four miles west of Davenport, and passing by way of Muscatine, Iowa, and thence on to the Missouri River, in a south-westerly direction. A third branch of the road is intended to be constructed in a northerly direction from some point on the main line, by way of Tipton, Cedar county, to Cedar Rapids, in Linn county. The first division of the main line is now complete to Iowa city, the capital of the State of Iowa, and was duly celebrated on the 3d of January, 1856. The branch south-

in length, and contains about two thousand acres of land. The extreme lower end is occupied by Fort Armstrong, built in 1816 by Col. Mason, U. S. A. Half a mile distant on the north side of the island is the residence of the late Col. Davenport, who was one of the earliest and most enterprising settlers in this part of the great West.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S INFLUENCE IN UTAH.—The Salt Lake City Deseret News says:—Brigham Young is the only man that can govern Utah to the satisfaction of the people. We do not wish wholly to discourage those gentlemen who may be plotting and scheming in order to obtain political distinction and preference in Utah; let them work out their own discomfiture and disgrace, and they will then

that of any other Governor in the United States, and both saints and sinners endorse him as the most honorable man in all the country.

GROSS SUPERSTITION.—At the execution of Hubbard a few days ago, in Wabash County, in this State, for the murder of the French family after he was entirely dead, the enclosure was taken down and more than five hundred persons went in and touched him, giving their reasons for so doing, that it would in the future protect them from witchcraft. The rope that he was hung with, the crowd afterwards took, cut it in small pieces, and divided it out among them, to act as a charm in protecting them in the future from ague and all other disease. Surely this is the quintessence of superstition.—*Terre Haute (Ind.) Express.*



VIEW OF ROCK ISLAND. (AFTER A DRAWING FROM NATURE, BY DALLAS.)



## THE LAST OF HIS RACE.—Commenced in No. 7.

## CHAPTER II.

Hast thou seen the dawn in the air,  
When wanton blasts have tossed it?  
Or the ship on the sea,  
When ruder winds have crossed it?  
Hast thou marked the crocodiles weeping,  
Or the foxes sleeping?  
Or hast thou viewed the peacock in his pride,  
Or the dove by his bride?  
Oh! so false, oh! so vain, oh! so false is she!

MICKLETON.

Two persons were seated in the library of the Manor-house at Crowshall, a lady and gentleman; both were about the same age, thirty or thirty-one, the prime of man and womanhood. The lady was the elder sister of the baronet whose death was hourly expected.

Mabel Herbert must have been very beautiful in her youth. Critically considered, she was so still, but there was that worn expression in her features so frequently observed in those whose hearts have lost their freshness, or who nourish some secret and corroding care; her brow was unwrinkled and white as Parian marble, but it had also the heaviness of marble, the weight of thought, and her black, lustrous eyes had the weary, anxious look of one who had been watching.

There was nothing studied in her attitude as she sat, or rather reclined with her head resting upon her delicate hand, in the old-fashioned, high-backed, oaken chair, whose crimson velvet cushions contrasted with her simple white dress, and yet it was strikingly graceful; had she posed for a painter she could scarcely have chosen a more picturesque one.

The gentleman who was addressing her had a far less aristocratic appearance. He was dressed like a gentleman, and spoke like one; but there was something professional in his air—it was not grave enough for a clergyman, or sufficiently imposing for a barrister; but something between the two, and harmonised perfectly with his real position in life—that of a lawyer, whose practice was amongst the higher classes.

"I am to understand then, Miss Herbert," he said, "that you refuse to admit me to the presence of Sir Harry?"

"Most positively," replied the lady, with a slight elevation of her well-arched brows, as if astonished that he should press her upon the point. "My poor brother is past attending to earthly affairs; it would be cruel as well as useless."

"And yet you are aware that for years I have been his confidential adviser."

"Perfectly aware of it," replied the lady, "but the word perfectly was pronounced, indicated that the speaker's knowledge of the fact did not raise the gentleman in her good opinion."

"And his friend," added the lawyer.

"Friend?" repeated Mabel Herbert, with a slight sneer; "that I confess I was not aware of, Mr. Elton; but neither as his friend nor his legal adviser, can I permit you to intrude on the last moments of my dear brother."

"The world will think it strange," observed the lawyer, dryly.

"Possibly."

"And draw its own inference."

"Let it," said the lady; "conscious that I have performed my duty, I can disregard its opinion."

"Is it so certain that he is so near death?" exclaimed the gentleman. "I have known men linger weeks after the physician's verdict has gone forth. You take upon yourself, permit me to observe, a serious responsibility; what have you to fear?"

"Nothing," answered the sister of the dying man, with a look of mingled defiance and triumph. "You entirely mistake my motives, or rather you choose to mistake them; you know as well as I do that the estates are strictly entailed, and that I, were he to make a hundred wills to the contrary, am my brother's heiress, for poor Harry is the last male of the long line of the Herberts."

"I am aware that such is the fact," observed Mr. Elton, after a pause, "as far as the real estate is concerned; but your brother's personal wealth is very considerable, and I thought you might—"

"Have speculated upon that," interrupted Mabel, disdainfully; "a very lawyer-like idea."

"Not so, Miss Herbert. I thought you might have imagined I wished to advise him as to the disposal of it, but, by Heaven's will, you wrong me; the words I would speak to him would bring peace to his wounded mind, pour balm upon his lacerated heart. It is singular," he added, "that I should not have been informed of his fatal illness sooner. Doctor Marsh, his physician, and I are old acquaintances; he ought to have written to me."

"Doctor Marsh has not been attending him," answered the lady, calmly.

"Indeed!"

The slight tone of surprise in which the word indeed was pronounced did not escape the notice of the expectant heiress.

"Dr. Marsh," she continued, "never understood my brother's constitution rightly. I thought it better to have advice from London."

"May I ask whom?"

"Sir William Bliton."

On hearing the name of a practitioner so respected for his high and honorable character, so eminent in his profession, the half-formed suspicion disappeared from the mind of Mr. Elton.

"May I ask when Sir William saw your brother last?"

"This morning."

"And he held out no hope?"

"None. His further attendance he considered useless, and returned to town."

"Miss Herbert," said her visitor, "this is one of the most painful circumstances of my life—one that I shall bitterly regret. I have done my duty, and dare not urge my request any further. I shall remain to-night at the hall—in fact, till the death of my respected friend and client, whose affairs as you are aware, have long been in my hands."

The lady bowed and rang the bell; it was answered by the butler, a venerable-looking man, whose white head seemed bent with grief.

"Alan," said his mistress, "you will prepare a room for Mr. Elton."

The aged domestic bowed.

"And see that he is properly attended to. In the morning," she added, addressing the lawyer, "if capable of supporting the interview, I will receive you again."

Mabel Herbert rose from her seat, and with a stately step quitted the library.

"Is there no hope, Alan?" demanded the visitor, as soon as they were alone.

"None," answered the old man, with a deep-drawn sigh. "I thought there was till an hour since; but the light has been seen in the chancel of Crowshall Church."

This was uttered in a whisper, accompanied by looks of mingled terror and anguish.

"Do you believe in such superstition?" said the lawyer.

"Call it what you please, I have never known it to fail," replied the butler.

"I saw it, for the first time, on the night Sir Harry's grandfather, Sir Gilbert, died, that is fifty years ago; I saw it on the death of his son; I have seen it now, and I shall lose the noblest, best of masters. I have carried him in my arms when he was a boy a hundred times," he added, with a fresh burst of sorrow, "the last of his race—the last of his race."

"I wish I had seen it," muttered Mr. Elton; "I am convinced there is some imposture, some trick in it. The general law of nature is not suspended to herald the death of one particular man, however illustrious his name and race."

"That you call learning, I suppose," observed the attached servant of Sir Harry.

"Reason, Alan, reason."

"Call it what you will," replied the old man, "I must believe the evidences of my senses; there is not a tenant on the estate, a servant in the family, who does not believe in it too. From the day of Sir Gilbert's death the family have never been united or happy. Husband has been set against wife, brother against brother, and sister against brother. Heaven alone can tell when the curse will end."

"When we detect the enemy who has caused all this misery," observed Mr. Elton; "and I am already on the track. I came to Crowshall," he continued, "with intelligence that would have gladdened the heart of your unhappy master, but his sister forbids my seeing him."

"She has been his evil genius," groaned the butler.

"Of what disease is he dying?"

"A broken heart," replied the domestic; "the doctor gives it another name—aneurism, or something which sounds like it; but I know what it is. Miss Mabel sits by his bed-side watching him night and day. If she only quits him for an instant, Nan Willis supplies her place. Dr. Marsh called this morning—he is on a visit to the rector—but my young lady would not allow even him to see him."

"That is strange," observed the lawyer.

"His informant merely shrugged his shoulders; then passing his withered hand over his temples as if to call up his ideas, seemed for an instant buried in reflection."

A footman entered the library with a couple of small phials labelled "composing draught"; one of the grooms had just rode over from Newark with them; he gave them to the butler and quitted the room.

"You came expressly to see Sir Harry?" said the old man, waking from his reverie.

"Yes."

"And your visit would cheer the last hours of my dear young master?"

"Impart the only gleam of happiness," replied Mr. Elton, "he will ever receive on earth."

"Then you shall see him," exclaimed Alan, firmly.

"There must be witnesses to our interview."

"I will provide them, too. Dr. Marsh, the rector, and his curate; but you must not attempt to enter the room till I give the signal."

The lawyer promised obedience, and the speaker left the library, taking the composing draughts with him.

When Mabel Herbert quitted the library, it was to hasten to the chamber of her dying brother, which she mentally resolved not to leave till all was over. The baronet slept, but even in his sleep memory seemed to wander to the past; that irrevocable past, which so many of us would give all that we hold on earth for the power to cancel or recall. Broken murmurs at times escaped his lips, and once a name was pronounced, which Nan Willis, who sat half buried in an easy chair by the bedside, eagerly endeavored to catch. A singular smile appeared upon her lips, when assured that she had heard it rightly.

"I come to relieve you from your tedious watch," said the young lady, motioning her to quit the seat.

"I am used to watching," observed the little old woman. "It is a pleasure to me."

The eyes of the speakers met, and they looked as if each would read the thoughts of the other.

"The hour is late," resumed Mabel; "perhaps you had better sleep at the hall to-night."

"Sleep?" repeated Nan; "sleep here! no, no. I will stay and watch days, weeks, if you will; but I can't sleep here,—or anywhere," she added, seeing that her words had startled her hearer, "away from my own poor cottage. We are all creatures of habit; but I will return in the morning."

"Early."

"As early as you please."

"Good night, Nan; as you descend send Alan to me."

"Good night, Miss Mabel," replied the old woman, rising to depart.

She paused at the door of the room, and took a deliberate survey of the bed, and the pale, emaciated form of Sir Harry Herbert. From the brother her eyes wandered to the stately form and careworn countenance of the sister, and her thin, shriveled lips were curled by a very faint smile—so faint that Mabel mistook it for the flickering light of the expiring night-lamp playing on her features.

Besides, why should Nan smile at such a scene?

"A singular creature," thought the lady, as she seated herself by the bedside. "I can scarcely comprehend her. A mixture of good and evil, like most of us. But she has been true to me," she added; "true when all else conspired against me."

The butler entered the room with a small salver in his hand. On it were the composing draughts which had just arrived from Newark, a silver cup filled with highly spiced wine, and a thin slice of toasted bread on a plate. The draughts, as our readers may suppose, were for the patient; the wine and bread for his sister.

"How is my dear master?" inquired the old man.

"He sleeps," said Mabel. "Poor Harry."

The sound of his own name seemed to rouse the baronet, for at the same instant it was pronounced, he looked up, and recognising his faithfully attached servant, held forth his hand to him with a faint smile.

"Stay with me, Alan," he said. "I like to see your honest face by my side; it reminds me of my childhood, when—"

"You must not exert yourself," dear Harry, interrupted his sister, at the same time methodically pouring out the contents of one of the phials into a glass.

"It is time you should take your medicine."

"I don't require it; it does me no good."

"It calms you," urged his sister.

"Take it, dear master," said the butler; "I am sure it will be of service to you."

"You will let Alan remain with me, then?" said the dying man, in a tone of almost childish entreaty.

"Certainly, Harry, if you wish it."

The patient made no further objection, but drank it off at once, and fell back on his pillow exhausted with the exertion.

"Sleep, dear master, sleep," said the butler.

The baronet placed his head on the shoulder of the speaker, and closed his eyes with the confidence of a child conscious that his nurse was watching by its side.

Mabel began to sip her wine.

"It is stronger than usual, Alan," she observed.

"I thought you would require it," answered the old man, without the least hesitation.

His mistress paused with the little silver cup half raised to her lips.

"The fatal light," he added, in a whisper, has been seen in the chancel of Crowshall Church."

The young lady drained the cup to the last drop, and replaced it on the salver.

The silence became painful. It was so profound that the watchers could almost hear the beatings of their own hearts. That of the aged, faithfully attached servant of Sir Harry throbbed with sad forebodings. As for Mabel's, it would be difficult to say what her thoughts were, for she was one of those persons who possess a perfect command over their feelings, and seldom betrayed them either by word or look.

The turret clock struck two—the baronet still slept.

Gradually a change came over the countenances of the silent watchers of that unfriendly deathbed, and the eyes of each became fixed upon the other, as if their spirits sought to communicate. With a singular exertion of will, Mabel placed her hands upon the arms of the easy chair, and attempted to rise. The regard of Alan became yet more intense. She remained in the attitude, like one who was spell-bound, and a frown knit her arched brows.

"Are you ill?" demanded the old man.

There was no reply.

"Shall I ring for the housekeeper?"

"Still no answer."

"Or send for Nan Willis?"

At the sound of Nan's lips of Miss Herbert moved slightly, but no sound issued from them, and her hands relaxed from their grasp on the arms of the easy chair.

More than a quarter of an hour elapsed, still she remained silent and immovable, like a person in a deep trance. Her eyes, her dark menacing eyes, still open and fixed upon the butler, who endured her gaze till drops of cold perspiration trickled down his furrowed cheeks.

"God help me," he murmured, "this is a fearful sight."

He rose from his seat, after gently disengaging his hand from that of the dying man, and walked across the room, then turned to see whether the glance of Mabel followed him. It was now fixed on vacancy.

He made a slight noise with the lock; it was useless—he slept so soundly, the thunder-pail could not have aroused her. He then opened the door of the chamber and gave admission to Mr. Elton.

"What have you done?" whispered the lawyer, terrified at the rigid expression of Mabel's features. "She's dead."

"She only sleeps," answered the old man, mournfully.

"But should she awake."

"Little fear of that; she has taken one of Sir Harry's composing draughts."

"And Sir Harry—"

"His sister's wine. I thought it would strengthen him."

## CHAPTER III.

Thou art come to set mine eyes  
The fackles of mine eyes to light,  
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail  
Are turned to one thread; one little hair,  
My heart has one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy new utterance,  
And then all thou seest is but a cloud.

SHAKESPEARE. King John, Act 5.

The lawyer stood for a few moments at the foot of the bed, contemplating the scene before him with intense commiseration. The once manly form of the baronet was wasted almost to a skeleton, and his features already contracted by the approach of death; there was that nameless hue upon them,—that indescribable expression which precedes the last mortal struggle, and remains after it is closed.

"Poor Sir Harry," he said, turning to the butler; "rank, fortune, and the gift of genius, have not made him happy."

"And yet he deserved to be so," observed the old man, mournfully.

"True," replied Mr. Elton, with a sigh, "for he made a noble use of noble gifts. His hand was open as his heart."

"It is through his heart they have destroyed him," muttered Alan, bitterly.

At the sound of their voices, the dying man unclosed his eyes and a faint flush suffused his pale cheek on recognising his friend.

"I knew you would come, Elton," he said, grasping his hand, and at the same time looking earnestly into his face; "they told me you were absent—that it was impossible. They do not know you so well as I do," he added; "your manliness, your worth, the strength of your friendship."

The eyes of the lawyer and the faithful servant met. It was evident that the speaker had been deceived; but neither of them dared give utterance to their thoughts, lest they should agitate him too greatly. The same motive prompted Alan to draw the curtain of the bed, to prevent his master being startled by the singular appearance of his sister, who still continued to sleep in the easy chair.

"I am not the only one who is anxious to see you," observed his visitor; "the rector and Dr. Marsh are in the next apartment."

"Shall I call them in, dear master?" asked the butler.

Sir Harry gave a sign of assent without withdrawing his eyes from the features of the lawyer. There was an expression of unbounded confidence, mingled with curiosity, in his regard, as if he felt that the last named persons had not been summoned without a purpose.

"Where is Mabel?" he whispered.

"She sleeps," said Mr. Elton; "and will not disturb our interview."

"I thought so," murmured the baronet. "Isolated from all—even from you."

The rector and Dr. Marsh entered the room. In his bearing and person the former personage was the best ideal of an English clergyman of the old school—a tall, venerable, stately man, slightly bowed by age, with a countenance in which gravity and benevolence were blended. In describing his character, we may truly add that he was a profound scholar, a sound divine, and an ornament to the church, in which his life of usefulness and charity adorned. Dr. Gore had been Sir Harry's tutor before he went to college, and he loved him as good men love the mind they have formed and watched over.

The physician, on the contrary, although equally estimable in his way, was a shrewd, active man of the world; short in person, but with a large capacious head, and a quick, penetrating eye; on whom, judging from appearances, it would be most difficult to deceive. Although only a country practitioner, his attainments were far from being limited to his profession. He was an excellent chemist, as well as a good botanist and geologist; a man who kept pace with the scientific discoveries and progress of the age, if in some instances he did not precede them.

Such were the two men whom Alan had, despite the orders of Mabel, admitted to the hall to be witnesses of the last interview between his master and the lawyer.

"Dear Sir Henry," said the clergyman, deeply affected, "am I at length permitted to—"

"Call me Harry," interrupted his former pupil, affectionately; "I like that name best. Marsh," he added, turning to the physician, "it is not my fault that Bliton has been sent for from London without consulting you. I opposed it, but poor Mabel was so anxious. I knew that it was useless."

The butler uttered a suppressed groan.

"Sir William Bliton is a great man," replied the doctor, "a very great man, but even he is not infallible. What does he pronounce it?"

"Aneurism."

Marsh shook his head despondingly.

"Of the heart," added the baronet with a faint smile, at the same time removing the light silk handkerchief, tied loosely round his neck. "It will soon be over."

Close to the collar bone, on the left side of his chest, was a swelling nearly the size of an egg. The experienced eye of the practitioner saw at once, from the thin glassy appearance of the skin, and the strong pulsation of the diseased artery, that all human skill was hopeless; his former patient had not many hours to live.

"And here," said Alan, who had crept round to the table behind the curtain, "is the medicine they have been giving my poor dear master."

Marsh withdrew the cork and tasted it, reflected for an instant, then tasted it again as if to satisfy himself that he was not mistaken, the old servant regarding him all the while with intense anxiety.

"Morphine," muttered the doctor; "could not do better."

"That is not poison?" whispered the butler.

"Poison?" repeated Marsh, with a look of astonishment, "not in this form. What could possibly have put such an absurd idea in your head?"

Alan glanced towards the curtain behind which, our readers will recollect, Mabel was still sleeping.

"I tell you no," added the speaker; "no—it is the very thing I should have prescribed myself."

"Thank Heaven!" murmured the old man, "thank Heaven! one crime the less to answer for."

"Sir Harry," said the lawyer, at the same time motioning the two gentlemen to seat themselves by the side of the bed. "I have something of importance to communicate; let me entreat you to hear it firmly—to recall for one short hour the self-command which once sustained you under the most painful circumstances of your life—to—"

"Oh! I do not speak of that," interrupted the dying man. "Whispered o'er my ashes it would stir them."

"I must speak of it," answered Mr. Elton, solemnly. "My duty to the living and the dead alike commands me. We are all of us aware, gentlemen, that at the age of twenty-one Sir Harry married."

"An angel, as I thought!" exclaimed the baronet, raising himself upon his pillow, and leaning his head upon his hand. "It is hard to tear aside the veil which, for nine long years, has concealed the wound inflicted on my honor. I loved her! Heaven! how I loved her! Not with an ephemeral, boyish passion, but with the heart's true love—the worship of the soul—nature's idolatry. I lived but in her presence; she was the light, the joy, the breath of my existence!"

"She was and is an angel," observed the rector, solemnly.

"She was a fiend!" shrieked the owner of Crowshall, becoming more and more excited—"a painted devil—for her virtues were a mask. The beauty which enlured my heart alone was real. I trusted her," he added, "as men would have trusted the purity of Heaven—pictured to myself a life of happiness passed in promoting hers—earth had not a dream, heaven one hope, as did not share in it: yet she deceived me."

"Deceived you?" repeated the clergyman and Dr. Marsh.

"Deceived me!" iterated the baronet, with a convulsive laugh. "The veil is torn at last, and now you know the secret of my sufferings. I concealed it from the world because I would not fools should read the blistering word upon my brow—my name become the coarsest jest on coast-side lips. I concealed my grief from every eye—buried it like a serpent in my heart till it destroyed me. But why," he added, as he sank back exhausted on his pillow—"why at this moment are my misery and shame recalled to me?"

"Not to wring to heart already wrung till every nerve vibrates with agony," replied Mr. Elton, deeply moved, "but to pour balm upon the wound and heal it."

"Balm!" repeated his client, in a scornful tone; "yes, I shall soon find the balm for every sorrow."

"Sir Harry, dear Sir Harry," said his friend, "let me, I entreat you, continue the rest of this painful confidence. Spare yourself and us—"

"Well, well, I will."

"I need not remind you, gentlemen," continued the lawyer, "that about eight months after the marriage, a gentleman named Roderick Hastings became a visitor at Crowshall."

The baronet uttered a groan of anguish at this name.

"He was a plausible, elegant man of the world. Sir Harry, I believe, made his acquaintance whilst on his wedding tour. His attentions to Lady Herbert at last became so marked that—"

"I was not suspicious," interrupted the dying man, once more raising himself; "but it was impossible not to perceive there was some strange confidence between them. I questioned her; and she, who had appeared all truth, hesitated, equivocated with the man whom she had sworn at the altar to honor and obey,—with the husband who adored her. I felt as men feel when suspicion first glides into the brain; my heart was on fire. I demanded an explanation."

"And she gave it," said the rector; "I am sure she gave it."

"By a lie," replied his former pupil. "Yes, old friend, you would scarcely believe it, that the seeming innocent and artless girl whose hand you joined with mine, descended to a lie. She told me Roderick Hastings was the lover of my sister, and had entreated her intercession to obtain my consent to their marriage; for without it, by the father's will, Mabel would have forfeited her fortune."

"And you gave it?"

"Freely," said the baronet, "for my heart felt lightened of a sad load of misery; like a fond confiding fool I implored her pardon—pardon of the woman who had betrayed me. On seeking my sister, to chide her for doubting my affection, she asked me what I meant. I repeated what my wife had told me of her love for Hastings. Never shall I forget her words; they seared my nature in me. Roderick Hastings had never spoken to her of love."

"She lied, then," interrupted Alan; "for I have seen him on his knees to her in the library."

"Mad with my wrongs," continued his master, without heeding the assertion, "I sought my faithless wife; I found her in the pavilion in the park, and the seducer with her. On seeing me he fled."

"Artful villain!" muttered the lawyer.

"Despite the entreaties of Elton—I have pronounced her name again—I spurned her from me and started in pursuit of the false fiend—the spoiler of my honor. I traced him as far as



"And what am I to leave you, Elton?" demanded the dying man; "you must not forget yourself."

"The happiness of having served you," answered his friend, "and the memory of our friendship, together with your signature to this statement I have drawn up of your wife's innocence and the cruel artifice by which you have been betrayed."

Sir Harry read it carefully over and signed it.

"Now call the servants in," he said; "there cannot be too many witnesses to my will. Mabel should not have the plea of insanity on which to dispute it when I am dead."

Alan quitted the chamber, and in a few minutes entered, followed by five or six of the oldest domestics in the family. In their presence the legal formalities were completed.

As soon as they had withdrawn, the rector commenced reading the service for the dying.

"My mind is easier, now," observed the baronet, as Dr. Gore concluded the last solemn prayer. "Heaven will be more merciful than she would have proved to me."

"Harry," replied his ancient tutor, "man, sinful, erring man, must not approach his footstool and ask for pardon with hatred and resentment in his own heart. It would be a mockery—a deceit. Mabel—"

"What of her?"

"Deeply as you have been wronged, you must pardon her: by that tie of blood between you—by the weakness of our common humanity, and in the name of him who suffered for all," added the clergyman, "do not die with resentment in your heart against your sister."

"She has destroyed me," said the dying man. Then, after a pause, he added, slowly: "but I forgive her; may she live to repentance and atonement. It is right—quite right—that I should pardon her—my loved Ellen—I feel has pardoned me. You will bury me by her side," he continued; "my coffin next to her's and her innocent babe's. It is my last request."

A pressure of the hand assured him that his desire should be complied with.

"Pray for me, friends; pray for me," murmured the speaker; "I feel a rising sensation in my throat; an oppression on my lungs which warns me I am going."

"The aneurism has broken internally," thought Dr. Marsh.

He was right. A few moments more, and the life-stream poured forth. There was a faint struggle, and one attempt to speak. Elton caught the name of Ellen, and the word "smile;" then all was over.

All who were present at this extraordinary death-bed, except the guilty Mabel, prayed long and fervently. Alan was the first to rise from his knees, and close the eyes of his loved master.

"The last male of his race!" he said. "There is no one now to continue the name of Herbert. The curse hath wrought its work; and the light will never more be seen in the chancel of Crowshall Church!"

Meanwhile, Dr. Marsh approached the sleeping lady, and placed his hand upon her heart: it beat freely. He next felt her pulse.

"She will soon awake," he said.

"Let her sleep, Mr. Elton," "she cannot torment him more."

"Let us leave her," added the rector; "perhaps it were a good and wholesome lesson that she should return to consciousness in the chamber of death, the body of her victim at rest before her. I do not envy her her reflections," he added, "when she awakes."

The speakers left the room and at once proceeded to the library, to place their seals upon the cabinets which contained the private papers of the deceased, leaving only the sleeper to watch by the side of the dead.

It was morning when Mabel first began to recover consciousness; the rays of the sun streamed through the half-closed curtains into the room with a sickly light, yet still with sufficient power to render every object distinctly visible; the corpse of Sir Harry, its features gradually settling into that peculiar calm which succeeds the strife of human passions, affections, hopes, and fears—that profound repose which the archangel's trump alone can break.

The first sign of her waking was a deep-drawn sigh, accompanied by a convulsive movement of the lips. Gradually the eyes relaxed from their fixed gaze, and one or two ineffectual attempts were made to raise the hand to the aching brow. At last she succeeded.

"Dreams!" murmured the half-awakened sleeper; "dreams! How my eyeballs throb," she added, slowly; "and my limbs are numb and cold—cold as if they were frost-bitten."

Her glance fell at last upon the body. She started as if an electric shock had run through her frame, and, rising from her seat, stood for several minutes gazing intently on the dead.

"At last!" broke from her lips; "at last—poor Harry—his sufferings are over. But when did he pass away?" she continued. "I have no recollection. There must have been some treachery, my sleep has not been a natural one. Has the cunning lawyer contrived to baffle me?"

Struck by a sudden idea, she partially drew down the bed-clothes, and raised the right hand of the dead: there was a stain of ink upon the fore-finger.

A dark scowl passed over her features as she let it fall again.

"What have they persuaded him to?" muttered Mabel. "Do they think to rob me of my inheritance? Fools! a hundred wills could not deprive me of the broad lands of Crowshall, for Harry was the last male of his race."

She rang the bell twice, it was answered by the butler.

"Has Mr. Elton left the hall?" she demanded.

"No."

"I wish to see him."

"Here?" said the old man, with a look of astonishment at her want of feeling.

"Here," repeated the lady. "Yet stay—the chamber of death must not be made the scene of altercation. I have been treacherously practiced upon; my confidence abused. When did my brother die? who were with him?" Answer me," she added, in an imperious tone, for she had now recovered all her energies. "If you hope to remain in my service another hour,"

"I do not intend to remain in it," replied Alan, calmly; "yet I will answer you. Mr. Elton, the rector, Dr. Marsh, and myself, were present when my dear young master died."

"Cleverly contrived," observed Mabel; "and where was I?"

"Sleeping by the bed-side in your chair, the unconscious witness of the pangs of the brother you had destroyed."

"Insolent!"

"If truth is insolence, I cannot help it," observed the domestic, meekly. "But he forgave you—my dear young master pardoned you before he died, and it is not for me to reproach you."

"And where are those meddlers?"

"In the library."

Without casting one look upon the corpse, Mabel Herbert left the chamber, and repaired to her own dressing-room, from which she soon afterwards descended to the apartment where Mr. Elton, the rector, and Dr. Marsh had just concluded their task of fixing their seals upon the cabinets and repositories. Her countenance was pale, but stern; there were no signs of remorse, no symptoms of human weakness, either in her words or manner, as she deliberately took a chair, and demanded by what right they presumed to interfere with the property of her late brother.

"But I need not ask," she added, scornfully; "doubtless as the heirs of his personal estate. But the law will do me justice: a will obtained under such circumstances cannot be sustained."

"As your brother's executors, Miss Herbert," replied the lawyer, gravely, "and not his heirs. Neither of these gentlemen inherit a shilling of his wealth; the private papers, letters, and correspondence of my late client are bequeathed to his old tutor Dr. Gore, nothing more."

Mabel bit her lips with vexation.

"Who is his heir?"

"You will know that when the will is opened," was the reply. "Meanwhile we have only performed an imperative duty in the precautions we have taken."

"I shall contest it," said the guilty woman.

"You have the estates," observed the rector, gravely.

"And because I have the estates," retorted Miss Herbert, "am I to submit to be plundered of my brother's personal wealth? The estates not even poor Harry's weakness or your dark plottings could deprive me of. I am no tame, yielding fool to resign my rights. It is for you to reflect, Dr. Gore," she added, "how far your share in this transaction will affect your character, both as a clergyman and a man of honor."

"Had your conscience been as pure as my character," replied the gentleman, with dignified severity, "the disposition you complain of in all probability would never have been made. Recollect that neither Dr. Marsh, Mr. Elton, or myself have any personal interest in the disposal of Sir Harry's property."

"That remains to be seen," replied Mabel, with a sneer. "I am no believer in such disinterestedness."

"It will be seen," said the lawyer. "In the meanwhile, Miss Herbert, it is my duty to inform you that, although you are the undoubted mistress of Crowshall, you cannot touch one shilling of the personal property; and that you will commit a serious offence should you, impelled by passion, or any other motive, violate the seals we have placed upon the papers."

"I shall not forget your caution," exclaimed the disappointed lady. "I see clearly your design: you think to tie my hands, to embarrass me, whilst you complete the work of spoliation at your leisure. But you may find yourselves disappointed."

"Perhaps."

"I can procure money."

"On another bond?" coolly demanded Mr. Elton.

Mabel staggered as if she had received a sudden blow. The words "another bond" revealed the speaker's knowledge of a transaction which she deemed confined to her own breast and that of the worthless man to whom she had given it.

"I cannot contend with you," she muttered. "I am surrounded by servants who have betrayed me; enemies who would shrink at no means, however wicked, to compass their bad ends. I have been slandered to my dead brother—slandered. I must send for one who can both advise and protect me."

"I shall be delighted to renew my acquaintance with Mr. Roderick Hastings," observed the lawyer. "You are quite right to send for him. It is time we met—quite time."

Miss Herbert rose from her seat, and turned upon the speaker with the fury of a lioness at bay. It was deep, concentrated, and fiend-like. Hate and defiance in every word.

"I will send for him," she said. "He will find the means to break the web you have so artfully spun round me. I loathe, scorn, and defy you."

So saying, she quitted the room.

"Roderick Hastings must not enter these doors," exclaimed the rector, deeply moved, "whilst the remains of his victim lie unburied beneath the roof. It were an insult to the dead, a reproach to the living, to permit it."

"Let him come," said Mr. Elton, calmly. "I know the man I have to deal with, and am quite prepared to meet him."

## HUMBLE LIFE.

## CHAPTER VI.

(Continued from page 110.)

If a few hours had worked their evil in the weaver's home, they were also doomed to work their good. On the bed of suffering, with the lips close-pressed in pain, lay the crippled parent. By his side stood the sorrowing daughter, her breast inspired with a devotion that was ready for the struggles that should prove the greatness of her love. It was now that the miserable garret was to become the school of virtue; when the sick father should forget his pain in gazing on the heroism of his child; when he should bless Heaven for visiting him with an affliction that had brought into play virtues so patient and unobtrusive, that the heart should swell with admiration rather than sympathy, and feel that to pity so noble an act were to insult the magnanimity that prompted it.

Poor old man! It was now that all the noble principles that had made a hard toilsome life pleasant, came flocking to his aid, to soothe him in this bitter trial. As he saw his girl kneeling, weeping, by his side, he would try to comfort her, forgetting his own sufferings in the sorrow they occasioned in her he loved; and even when the muscles of his face would grow fixed with agony, he would still, between his gasps, endeavor to point out to his child the future blessings that would outweigh their present miseries.

As in the stillness of the night she watched by her father's pillow, she busied herself in forming the plans that were, for weeks to come, to enable her to support the old man in his sickness. It would be a hard struggle; but then, those that love much can endure much. In feeling for his sorrows, she would learn to bear her own; and in the trials she would be buoyed up with the delight of knowing that each day would decrease her hardships whilst it increased and strengthened her virtue.

The room that had lately been so cheerful, was now silent with grief. The little children, as if frightened with what they had seen, crept close to their father, who, deep in thought, sat nursing the baby by the fire. The loom was deserted, for fear that the noise should distress the sufferer; and, when any one moved about the room, it was done stealthily, stopping even if a board creaked, and listening in fear, lest the sick man was disturbed by it. Sometimes a gentle rap would come to the door, and Kitty, on tiptoe, would creep to open it an inch or two, and whisper to the kind neighbor how the patient fared. If the old man spoke a word, every one was instantly on the alert; and directly Kitty showed herself from behind the curtain, she was anxiously questioned as to what he had said. Then when the doctor came, how they would all creep to the bedside, and watch him as he examined the broken thigh. As he questioned the sufferer, they would hold their breath, for fear of losing a syllable of what was spoken. And when he, at last, told them the encouraging news, every face would brighten up, and they would attend him to the very bottom-most stair, as if in gratitude for the relief he had given them.

Tim Bradley had been making up his mind as to what sacrifice he could make to show his fondness for the old weaver. At length, one day, he beckoned Kitty to him.

"We've got enough to last us for two days more," he said, in a whisper, "and I've been thinking that, if I was to muffle the batten, the noise wouldn't shake him at all. You see, as we shall want every penny we can get hold on, it won't do to go taking another room. So you see, miss," he continued nervously, "this is what has struck me—if my little ones ain't in the way" (and he looked at her inquiringly)—"why with his chance of work and mine too, I could keep the loom a-going all the week round, and it 'ud be pretty near the same thing as if he were at his post. Do you see, miss?"

She could scarcely answer him, for her lip quivered with emotion. What had she done to deserve so much kindness? People that she had scarce spoken to were now offering her kindnesses that only a long friendship could have expected. One had given her old linen for bandages; another had brought her only pillow; some had sent their children with offerings of tea and sugar; and now there was a friend beseeching her by looks, even more than words, to share his earnings with him. Oh! it was too much goodness, it was; and the tears filled her eyes as they sparkled with thankfulness.

The old man was right when he said that suffering was the creator of virtue. But sickness soon empties a purse; and, although Tim's plan of muffling the heavy batten was successful, still, work and save as they would, the druggist took nearly all their gains.

Kitty, who long since had finished the work that had been given her on trial, was anxiously waiting for an opportunity when the patient's health would permit her absence. At length, one day, after having stifled Tim with directions as to what he was to do when the old man awoke, she ventured on the journey.

She found Mrs. Lucas and her room in just the same state as on her last visit. The lady herself, to be sure, was not in quite such a good humor.

"Have to prompt to coat, ma' tear. If it don't work quicker, ma' pet, you won't earn to tripping you cats on your tread—pon ma' word you won't, ma' tear."

Kitty stood tremblingly watching her face as she examined the work. She had taken such pains with it, that she felt almost certain that no fault could be found with it.

"Oh! dis will never to; never, ma' pet!" said the lady, still poring over the coat. "It's too good—much too good! You would ruin to business. They would never wear out—Ah! you must work quicker, ma' pet."

The girl assured her that she would. The next should be made so badly, that Mrs. Lucas should be delighted with it; but the lady only shook her head.

"I shouldn't have to face to take it in," she said, "only they might keep it as a sample. It's fit for a glass case, it is. Tear, tear! you will ruin me, you will."

Kitty again tried to quiet her fears. She would even make and her one on trial. This pacified Mrs. Lucas, who lost no time in taking advantage of the offer.

Then came the old question of the security. This seemed to be the most difficult matter to arrange of all. The fact was, that Mrs. Lucas did a little business in the money-lending line, and by exacting a security from each of "her gals," she had been able to raise the fund she traded upon. She shook her head, until her earrings looked as if they would fly from her ears. Kitty was in despair. She told the tale of her father's illness, and pleaded her case as pathetically as she could. But the earrings only swung about more violently than before. At last the lady appeared to be melting under the warmth of the girl's manner, and in the end the matter was arranged by Kitty consenting to be decked one-third her earnings, to make up for Mrs. Lucas's loss in not boarding with her.

"It makes ma' heart bleed, ma' tear, to do it," said the old hag in a whining voice, "but I must live, ma' pet. You of ma' gals has left me, and I could find plenty to take her place. Put as you say your father is so bad, y' I must give y'ay. Put you must make me another coat, yer know, for nothing. I shall lose y'ay, put I suppose I must give y'ay!"

Every day the old man seemed to be gaining strength. His daughter had told him of the work she had obtained, and now she would sit at the foot of the bed, playing the needle, and chatting with her father, whilst Tim was hard at work, velvet weaving. He as yet had not been far out in his conjecture. Between the two houses they worked for, the loom had not been idle a single day. Kitty found, too, that after a month's practice, she had become such a clever seamstress, that by working early and late she could make as much as four shillings a week. It wasn't much, to be sure, but their housekeeping was not much either; and the help, small as it might be, was not to be despised.

But it seemed as if they were doomed to be unfortunate. The work Tim had until now been so successful in obtaining, ceased suddenly. There was a standstill in the trade, and upwards of three hundred weavers were thrown out of employment.

"It's a sad thing," said Tim, after he had told her the bitter news; "it's a sad thing; and, though I am promised the very first work there is, there's no tellin' when it may come. May be to-morrow, may be in a month or two."

However, fortunately, Kitty did not lose courage. She rose with the difficulty—it only spurred her on to greater exertion. Let her work as hard as she would, there would still be a vast difference in the weekly revenue; but, if the day was not long enough, she must take from the night—that was all.

Every morning Tim walked to the warehouse, "to try his luck," as he called it, and every morning he would come back with empty hands and a careworn look on his face, that, smile as he would, was always uppermost. Then his only employment was to help Kitty as well as he could—get her thread ready, wax it, and bungle at a window for ten minutes trying to thread the net needle. Then Kitty's laugh, like the rich jacks of a cunary, would set the old man laughing, making a curious compound of faces as his leg gave him twinges after twinges; and the children would point at their father, as he rolled the thread in a long black point and tilted at the poor needle's eye with the vigor of a prize-fighter.

To mend matters, Tim, having nothing to do, fell head over ears in love with Kitty. After he had got some half dozen needles ready, with knots in the thread as big as cricket-balls, he would sit opposite to her without speaking a word, looking at the girl as she jerked the needle through her work. He could scarcely keep himself, and yet he was thinking of supporting a wife. This is often the case among the poor. Many a bridegroom has had to borrow the coat he was married in, his own having been pledged to obtain enough to pay the wedding fees. Poor things! they find a comfort in having some one to struggle with their sorrows grow lighter for being shared.

He had scarcely gone, when there came a low nervous tap at the door. It was Joe the pigeon-fancier, who crept in, holding in his hand a couple of plucked birds.

"I have brought 'em to you, miss, for the old gentleman," he said, holding them up by the legs; "they're as fat as prize 'uns; if I hadn't a killed 'em, they'd a died of blood to the head they would. If you put 'em in about a gallon of liquor, they makes slap up broth, as strengthening as a cross-beam, they is? Tim got into work yet, miss?"

"Not yet, Joe," she answered, as she took the plump birds. "They are fat! I'm sure, Joe, I don't know."

"Never a word, miss; never a word. Why don't Tim try the Docks? he might get a bit o' portering. Vill you tell him of it, miss? Thanks, good bye. The pigeons is all out taking the air, and ne'er a person to holier. Good bye." And he shot off as nimbly as a waiter.

Old Lamere was surprised when his daughter brought in his dinner. As he looked at the brown bird, with the gray hissing on its breast, his eyes opened with wonder.

"Why, where did you get it from, Kit?" he asked, as she fed him, still lying on his back.

"They're a present from Joe. Isn't it kind of him?"

"It is, indeed. Eh! my word, it is delicious, to be sure," he said, turning the meat over in his mouth; "delicious! After a few mouthfuls, he added, in a sickly voice, "No more, thank you; no more. You shall eat the remainder."

"Just one little bit, now," said the girl, coaxingly, as she forced it into his mouth.

"There now. After this, not a mouthful, not a mouthful. Now mind you eat the remainder, Kit," he added, as she took his plate behind the curtain.

"If you don't, I'll never forgive you. Are you eating? Let me hear your lips smack, then."

"Oh, it is delicious! Dear, dear! how nice!" she answered, as if in ecstasy over the piece of bread-and-butter she held in her hand.

"There's a good girl, there's a good girl!" said the old man, quite satisfied. And so was Kitty, for she had now pigeon enough to last her father for four days.

As for Tim, he did not know what to do. He wandered up and down the streets, scarcely caring where he went. He kept a sharp look-out, though, in case a job offered. If he could earn a loaf to take home to his children, that was all he wanted. The bread he ate at old Lamere's stuck in his throat, for he felt that Kitty's labor was too severe, for an idle man to live upon it. In Bishopsgate-street he earned twopenny, and it hadn't yet struck twelve.

In Gracechurch-street Tim got threepence more, by carrying a letter to Charing-cross. It wasn't much, but he didn't grumble, and took the pay so civilly, that the tradesman seemed to rebuke himself for having given so much. It seems to be a bad plan, not to grumble: the wheel isn't oiled till it creaks. However, as if to make up for it, a young profligate tossed him a shilling for holding his horse for a few minutes, outside a banker's.

Presently he saw cab after cab run by, the roof piled up with luggage. "May get a job there," thought Tim, as he hurried after one of them. It was found the steam-wharf near London Bridge. Outside the gates were assembled a host of boys, waiting anxiously for some carpet-bag to carry, and earn a penny by. As soon as any passenger was in sight, they would rush up to him, fighting and pushing each other in the struggle. They seemed greatly to prefer women; for though they paid them worse than the men, yet they could almost always force them to yield up their luggage. When Tim arrived amongst them there was nothing going on—the boat was outward bound, and there was seldom a passenger arrived on foot.

Presently the ringing of a bell announced that a steamer was in sight. In an instant the boys rushed down to the platform where the passengers landed. Tim let them go, and when the last had disappeared, he went down himself. But the youngsters were on the look-out for him; and in an instant he was surrounded by his rivals. They were as quick as ferrets, and would slip in and out between the people in one-half the time it took the man to force his way. They followed him everywhere. If there was any chance of his getting a job, one of the lads would jump up behind him and his patron, and, crying out, as he touched his hair, "Boy, your honor," would seize the box or bag, and make off with it so fast that the owner, in his alarm, only thought of following. Twice he had been baulked in this way. At last, growing savage with disappointment, he rushed through the crowd towards a hairy foreign-looking gentleman in puffed trousers and neat gold spectacles, who was cuddling in his arms a brass-bound box. The boys were soon after him.

"Me, noble captain, me; ain't got no mother, s'elp me, noble captain!" shouted one. "Me, noble gen'l, me! try the little arrow, noble gen'l!"

They pushed the unfortunate foreigner about so, that he seemed quite alarmed. In his confusion, his foot caught against a cable, and if Tim had not seized him, he would have fallen. But in putting out his hands to save himself, his box had slipped to the ground, and was soon whipped up by one of the boys, who made off with it as fast as he could. The foreigner, believing he had lost the box, turned round, and saw the hairy hands in his grasp, as he shouted "Voleur! voleur!" Tim gave chase, and, as the pier was crowded, soon caught the boy and rescued the treasure. It was enough; and the gentleman, in his gratitude, placed himself under the weaver's protection, and in a short time was safe in a cab. Bradley held out his hand to be paid, and the foreigner, laughing till he showed all his teeth through his thick moustache, drew his purse. Pointing first to the brass-bound box, and then to the weaver, he took but a piece of gold and gave it him, intimating, by a kind of pantomime, that it was a reward for having saved his property.

"By Jove, it pays better now weaving," said Tim. "I'll just visit this spot again, till further notice."

(To be continued.)

SIDNEY SMITH thus speaks of his countrymen:—"The English are a calm, reflecting people; they will give time and money when they are convinced; but they love dates, names, and certificates. In the midst of the most heart-rending narratives, Bull requires the day of the month, the year of the Lord, the name of the parish; and the counterpane of three or four respectable householders. After these affecting circumstances, he can no longer hold out; but gives way to the kindness of his nature—puffs, blubbers, and subscribes!"

THE *Publisher's Circular* has the following well-timed and scathing remarks:—"The recent contagious infection, of burlesquing 'The Song of Havaitha,' must, we believe, have rendered obvious the necessity of a reformation in our critical literature. The rapid spread of that disease was alike humiliating, disgraceful, and disheartening; and the sorrow occasioned by it was rendered more intense, from the fact that the critics who thus gloried in detracting from the fame of a genius that nature did not permit them to approach, were unconscious that they were only exposing the supercilious and naked sterility of their own minds!"

A BACHELOR'S PARADISE.—For single young gentlemen, inspired with a more than ordinary love of adventure, fortified by plentiful means, there is nothing like emigrating to some distant uncultured land of jungles and wild beasts, with notions of colonization. A gentleman named Baker made an excursion some ten years since to the beautiful island of Ceylon, and became so impressed with the repose of its noiseless solitudes and wildernesses, and exciting sports, that the tedium of polished society at home was utterly insupportable. No sooner did the traveller return to England than he repaired again to the land of tanks and cinnamon gardens, and diving into the interior, resolved to make an entirely new settlement in a locality where he might so change the rough face of nature as to render a residence there something approaching a country life in England; and he has succeeded.

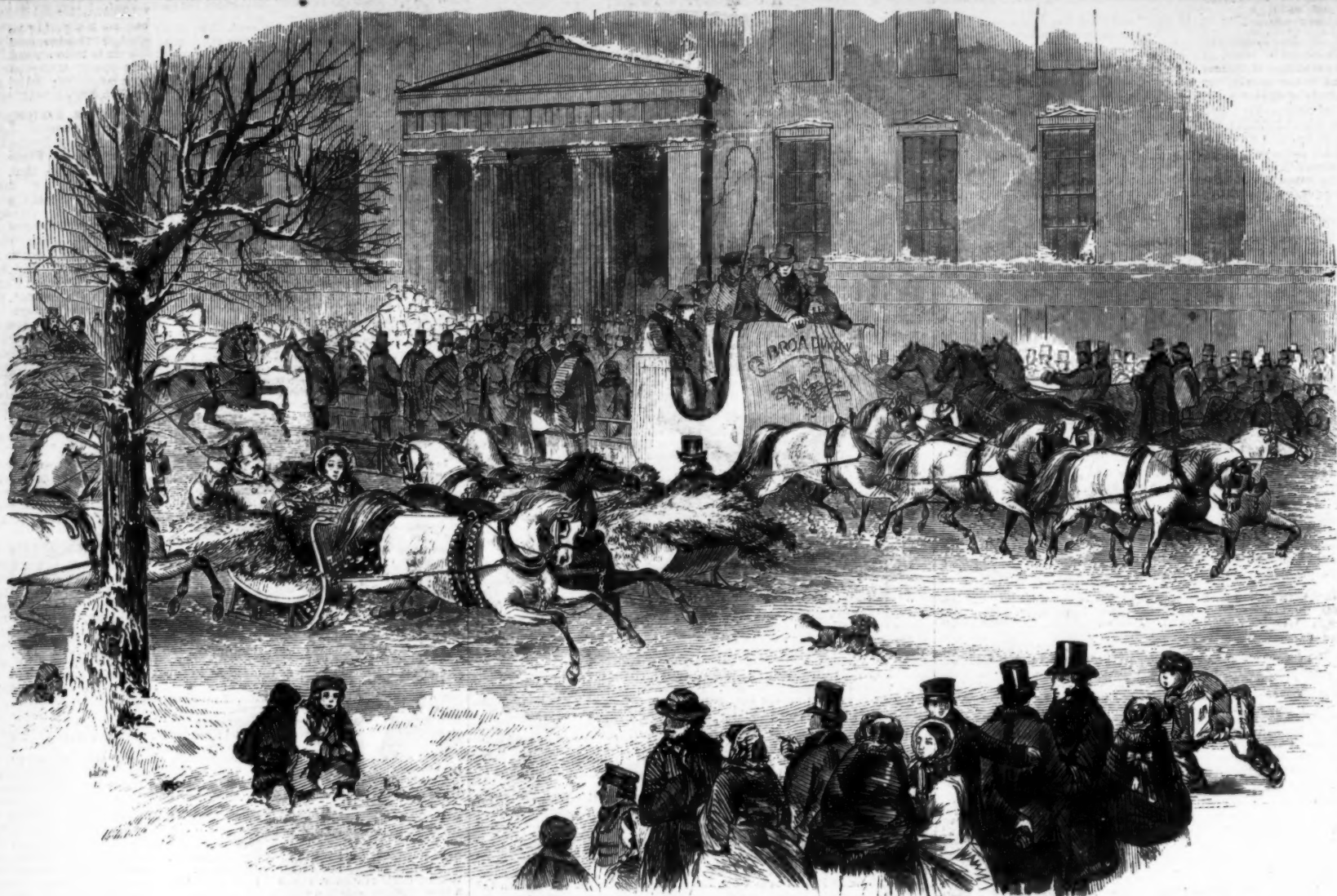
COLLIERIES ON FIRE IN PENNSYLVANIA.—There are now four collieries on fire in various parts of the coal region. The first is at Coal Castle, the second at Tamaqua, the third at Beaver Meadow, and the fourth on the Mill Creek, between St. Clair and Port Carbon, in a colliery which belongs to Wallace & Bothernell, which has been unworkable for the last three weeks, though we are informed that the fire has been smouldering there for several years, and as yet, we believe, no steps have been taken to extinguish it; neither has any attempt been made, as far as we can learn, to extinguish the fire at Beaver Meadow. At Coal Castle the "burning Jugular" has for many years attracted attention and afforded paragraphs for the papers. The fire smoulders in its vast caverns beneath the Broad Mountain, but its progress is evidently slow, as the small quantity of atmospheric air that can penetrate through the thick strata of earth and ashes which cover it is not enough to support combustion; neither can it penetrate beneath the water level, and its ravages have been and still are confined in a western direction.—*Pittsburgh Journal*.

LIFE IN ST. LOUIS.—The following picture of life in St. Louis, as given by the *St. Louis News*, would lead us to infer that they are not much in advance of ourselves in the administration of the laws:—"No sooner is the shadow of night thrown over St. Louis, than blood-thirsty fiends, desperate rogues, coarse rowdies and brutal ruffians creep from their lairs and rally forth to make night hideous with their hellish orgies. Quiet, low-loving people may rule the city by day; but blackguards, blacklegs, ruffians and bullies away the sceptre at night. They gather to sacrifice innocent and unsophisticated victims—on the altar of the gaming table; they parade streets in strong squads, going from saloon to saloon, gulping down liquor that is to madden their brain for the better execution of the deeds of depravity that are to fill up the latter part of the night. Hardly a night passes in which one, if he listened and stretched, could not see the glittering flash in the air, hear the shriek or groan of the assassin's victim. Thieves prowl the city over from midnight to sunrise, breaking bolts, picking locks, and, with a boldness and daring almost inconceivable, searching houses from cellar to attic, for the hard-earned money of honest sleepers."

## THE CENTRAL PARK.

In our present number will be found a carefully prepared map, showing the exact position and boundaries of the Great Central Park, a project which, though long delayed by the unnecessary obstacles thrown in its way by interested parties, seems now on the eve of accomplishment. The proposed Park is bounded by 106th street on the north side and 69th street on the south, lying between the Fifth and Eighth avenues, and comprising an area of 776 acres including the old and new reservoirs, the latter of which, when built, will form an ornamental feature of the Park in the shape of an artificial lake. The surface of the ground is peculiarly favorable for the purpose being diversified by hills and rocks, admitting under tasteful arrangement of the most picturesque combinations. The history of this project affords another illustration of the way in which objects of great public utility can be postponed or defeated by official corruption or legal chicanery. In 1853 the legislature gave its sanction to the scheme. The Supreme Court appointed commissioners to make a valuation of the land and to assess a portion of the expense upon adjoining lands directly benefited. An easy task was imposed on the commissioners, who ought to have completed it in six months—





A SLEIGHING SCENE IN BROADWAY. (SEE PAGE 118.)

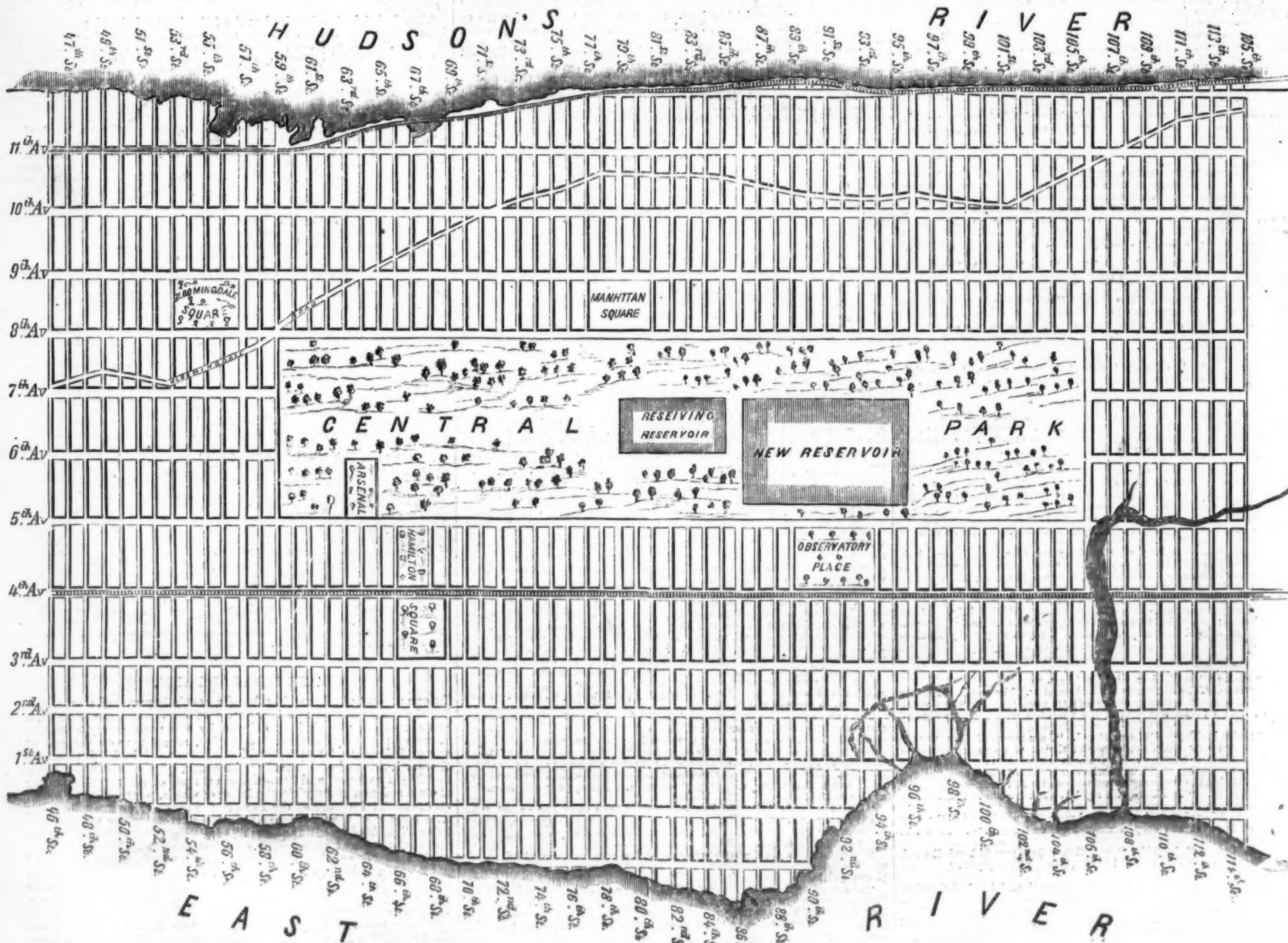
certainly in one year. Yet they were in no hurry to expedite the work, and it was only when the force of public opinion drove them to do their duty, and, at the end of two years, last December, that their report was ready to be presented to Court for confirmation.

The promoters of the scheme now thought themselves near the consummation of their wishes, but, as if to show that no great object can be attained without difficulty, they were met with a new and unexpected obstacle. The case was brought before Judge Roosevelt, a large taxpayer, and surrounded with numerous relatives, also of great wealth, and, though it was objected that motives of delicacy,

at least, should induce him to decline sitting, he persisted and determined to hear the case. The counsel for the city, Mr. Dillon, sustained by Mr. Wood, Mr. Lord, Mr. Edmonds, Mr. Fullerton, and the entire bar, both for and against the confirmation then objected that the Judge was directly interested in the decision of the cause, as the owner of lands immediately adjoining the area of assessment for benefit. One of the questions to be argued and decided is whether this area should not be extended over a much larger surface, which would embrace the lands of the Judge. This objection is valid and transparent to every man; but the Judge, nevertheless,

adjourned the case from time to time, unable to see what was clear to everybody else. Thus, no less than ten adjournments were ordered for the mere purpose of deciding this simple question—from the 15th December to the 22nd, 24th, 26th, and January 7th, 9th, and again 21st.

On the last occasion the adjournment took place in consequence of the alleged informality in Judge Cowles' appointment. It is intended we believe to apply to the Governor to appoint some judge out of this district to decide the cause. This will soon bring the matter to a final settlement.



MAP OF THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.



# THE GIPSY SISTERS OF SEVILLE.

BY J. PHILLIP.

THIS is no imaginary sketch, no mere effort of genre painting; it claims to rank in the historic art as a study of character, of race, of nationality; and by one who has made the study of Spanish nationalities all his own. The deep meaning in the eye, and the strongly-marked features of the two Gipsy Sisters, speak of a hard destiny of bitter memories; of a persecuted race, but of an intelligent, and deeply reflective one withal; of a race in which there is yet much to admire, if not to love and to esteem. One has a transient smile, with a smack of coquetry in her regard, as if she were recognising the flattering salutation of some passer-by; but the other is all sternness, and repels with hollow scorn the idle compliment. The ample fall of the rich dark tresses; the warm and swarthy complexion; the truly national costume, and the glowing atmosphere, are perfect in their general harmony. The execution in every part is highly artistic.

## ACAPULCO, SEAPORT TOWN IN MEXICO, ON THE PACIFIC.

THIS city which has become quite familiar to our citizens through an immense trade with California, is in latitude 16° 50' north. The harbor is nearly landlocked, and is one of the best in the world. The town is badly built and very unhealthy. It formerly comprised the whole of the trade between the Spanish dominions in America, and those in the east; and was long famous for being the resort of the celebrated Manila galleons. Under the republican government of Mexico (!) it greatly declined, until the discovery of the gold mines in California, since which time it has become the most important port in Mexico, being one of the principal points for the embarkation of passengers between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States. Near the town is the castle and fort of San Diego, capable of mounting sixty guns, but the works though admirably situated for defence, have gone to decay. If Mexico is ever blessed with a liberal and permanent go-

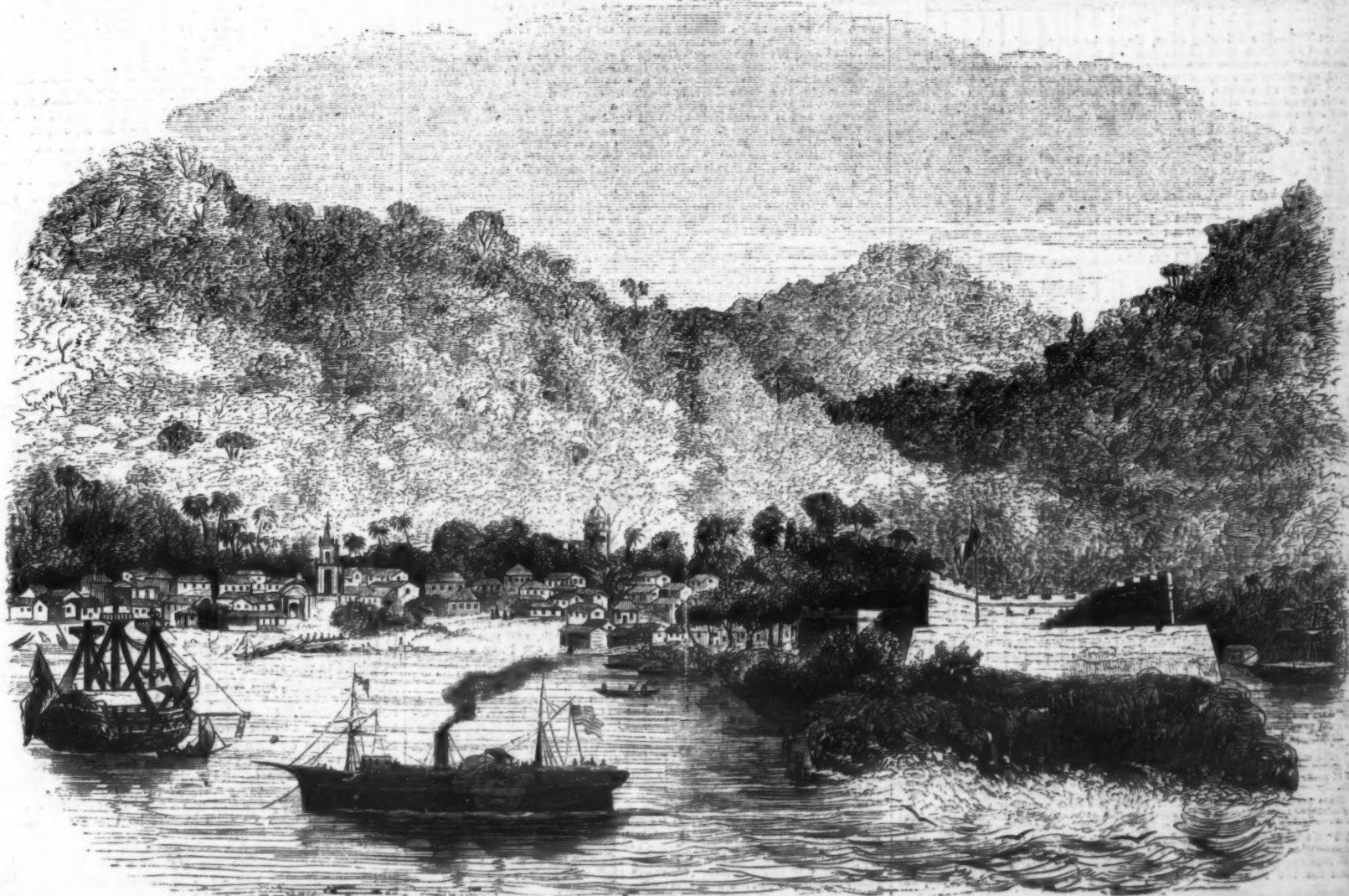


THE GIPSY SISTERS OF SEVILLE.—BY J. PHILLIP.

vernment, Acapulco must become a city of immense importance, second only to San Francisco on the Pacific coast; at present its population but little exceeds 5,000 persons.

**A HORSE, SLEIGH AND THREE PERSONS LOST THROUGH THE ICE.**—The Detroit Free Press of Tuesday, says that on Monday last a man, woman and child were drowned while attempting to cross the river from that city to Canada. They were in a sleigh drawn by a single horse, and had nearly reached the Canadian shore, when the horse broke through the ice, or, as is supposed by some, fell through an air-hole, drawing the sleigh and its unfortunate occupants after him. The horse rose to the surface for a moment and then all were swept away, by the swift current beneath the ice. The accident was noticed by several persons standing upon the shore, who immediately proceeded to the spot, but were too late to render any assistance.

**HORRIBLE AFFAIR IN MISSOURI.**—We learn from a gentleman from Washington, in this State, that a horrible tragedy took place in that town on Saturday last, which threw the whole community into a state of excitement. Some two or three years ago, a man named Harrison, living in that place, married a widow having two children—a girl of about fourteen, and a boy a year or two older. A few months ago, during the absence of the mother on a visit to her friends in Warren county, the step-father violated the person of the daughter, and by threats and menaces, caused her to keep the matter secret. He also by means of false keys unlocked a drawer and carried off a sum of money which the son had laid up from his earnings. The latter, on discovering this fact, had him arrested, and during his examination the daughter was put upon the stand as a witness, when she also disclosed the horrible outrage which had been committed on her. Thereupon, her brother left the court room and procured a pistol, and returning, shot the monster dead where he stood. He was immediately arrested and examined on a charge of murder, and discharged on the ground of justifiable homicide.



PORT OF ACAPULCO, PACIFIC COAST, MEXICO.



trumpirey Davy cured a paralytic man in a fortnight, by placing daily under his tongue the bulb of a pocket thermometer, from which, the patient was made to believe that he inhaled a gas of scientific virtue.



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## GEORGE LAW.

BY T. D. JONES.

FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY BRADY.

THE head of Mr. Law is one remarkably adapted to the sculptor's purposes, blending as it does the Titanic and antique. Mr. Jones has shown himself equal to the treatment, and without idealizing or exaggerating, he has produced a bust that perfectly reflects, so far as the inanimate can, the living, and yet harmonizes with the classic-heroic works of Greek and Roman art. Mr. Jones stands deservedly high among his friends for his success as a sculptor. In this province of his art the world is indebted for the best resemblances of Henry Clay, Gen. Taylor, Gen. Scott, Dr. Chapin, Tom Corwin, and numerous lesser dignitaries. We consider his most successful achievement, however, the bust of George Law, which we give as an illustration of Mr. Jones' best style. It has deservedly attracted much attention, and has been pronounced by numerous artists and amateurs one of the boldest works of the kind ever executed in America. Its character is well expressed in the following lines by C. D. Stuart:—

Artist! thy hand has wrought a Titan head,  
From Titan model, in the plastic clay,  
And worthy of the master hand who said  
To Macedonia's hero—"Thou but say,  
'Hew Athos to my statue,' I'll obey."  
A Titan head!—thus grandly arched and spread  
The brows that gladden'd sculpture, when the  
Greek  
And the old Roman, ere their arms grew weak,  
Held conquer'd Earth beneath their warrior's  
tread.  
And, artist! 'tis a conqueror's head thou'st  
wrought—  
A conqueror by peaceful deed and thought—  
Whose name is written on art's trophies high,  
Where freedom's eagle soars in freedom's sky;  
On earth's firm rocks—on canvas, where the  
breath  
Through him, bears wider commerce on the  
seas.

## THE GILMORE HOUSE AND BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.

FROM A DAGUERRETYPE OF J. H. WHITEHURST.

THIS Hotel, called "the St. Nicholas" of Baltimore, is situated on the western side of Monument Square, and nearly opposite Battle Monument. The engraving represents this magnificent building with the Court House at the right, and separated from it only by a narrow alley;—the mansion adjoining the Gilmore House at the left is occupied by the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, and is separated from Barnum's City Hotel by Fayette street. This Hotel was opened last October, by J. Mildeberger Smith, Esq., proprietor, who is now assisted by Wm. L. Warner, Esq., late of St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, as superintendent.

This Hotel is built of brick, five storeys high, with a spacious basement and attic. It is about seventy feet wide, and extends up the alley one hundred and fifty feet. In front there is a large and airy Verandah, three storeys high, made of iron and very ornamental. The entire building cost about seventy-five thousand dollars; furniture—all of black walnut and very elegant—kitchen, bathing and fire-apparatus, which extend to every floor, cost about sixty thousand dollars; there are between seventy and eighty servants required for the ordinary business of the Hotel, which will accommodate nearly three hundred persons. The front base-



BUST OF GEORGE LAW, BY T. D. JONES, AMBROTYPED BY BRADY.

ment is divided into a large and commodious Reading Room, filled with the best American and foreign newspapers, a bar room and barber's saloon. The front of the first storey is occupied by a large reception room, smoking room, and the office. The front of the second and third storeys is divided for the accommodation of families into suites of parlors, which, in their carpets and general furnishing including gas chandeliers, &c., vie in splendor with anything to be found in the most recent and expensive Hotels in New York. The china and plate of the Gilmore House was made expressly for its own use, and each piece from the largest to the smallest bears the name of the Hotel. The building is heated principally by steam, and has a well conducted livery stable for the especial accommodation of guests. If the writer is not mistaken, the mansion now occupied by the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, and which adjoins the Gilmore House, was erected but a few years since on the site of one which was demolished by a mob during the celebrated Bank or Money Riots, in the year 1837 or 1838.

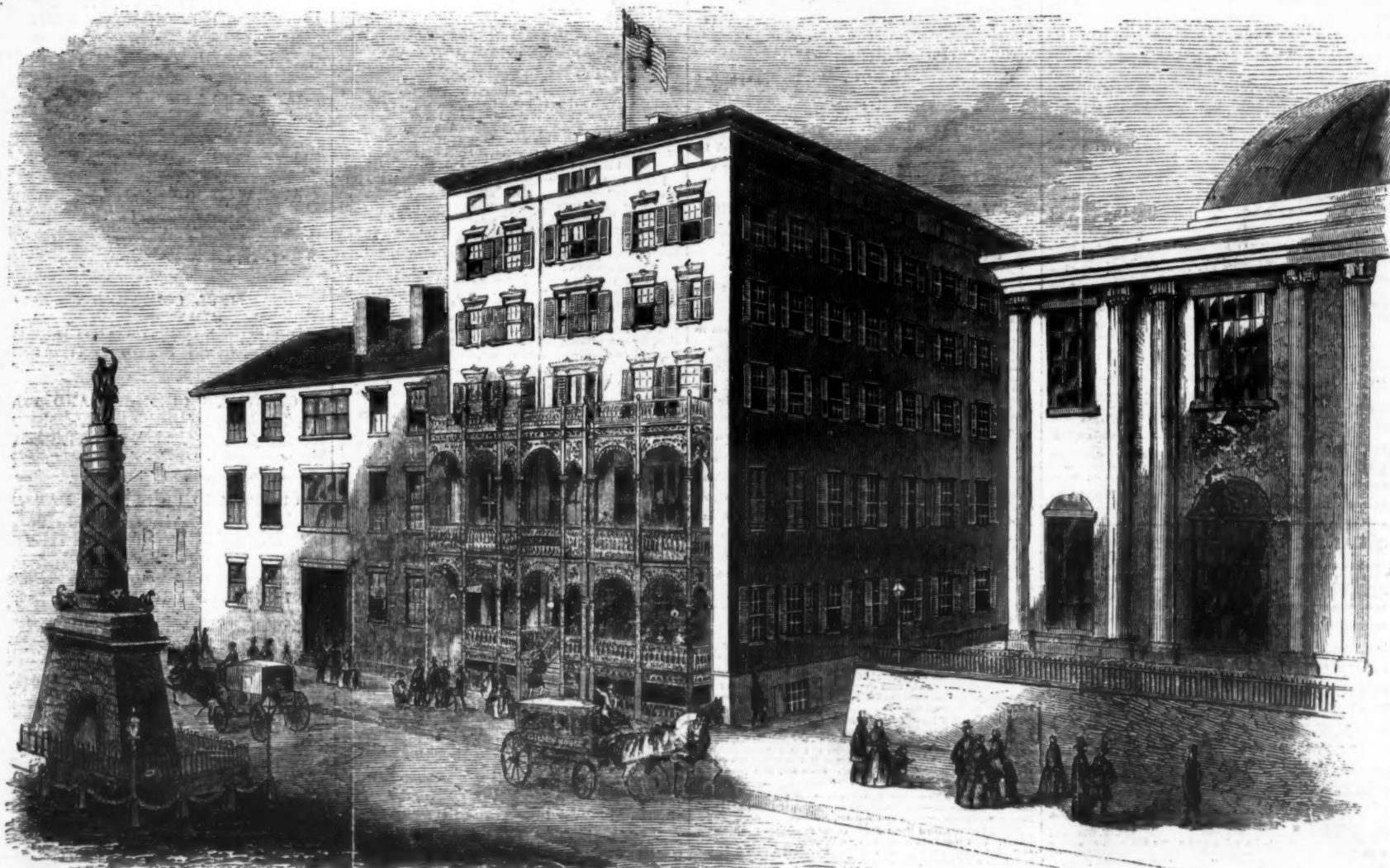
## BATTLE MONUMENT.

Baltimore Monument, or, as it is more frequently called, Battle Monument, is an imposing structure, built of white marble. It consists of a square pyramidal base, on which rests a pedestal, ornamented on each corner with a sculptured griffin. From the centre of this rises a faceted column, on the bands of which are engraved the names of those gallant heroes who fell in defence of the city, when it was attacked by the British forces under General Ross on the 12th and 13th of September, 1814. The column is surmounted with a graceful statue, 7½ feet high, representing the *Genius of Baltimore*, holding in her right hand a laurel crown, her left hand resting on an antique helm or rudder, emblematic of commerce. The entire height of this monument is 45 feet, and 52½ feet to the top of the figure. This latter is the work of an Italian artist, named Capellano.

**BLEEDING DEVILS TO DEATH.**—The Lockport (N. Y.) Journal relates that a respectable farmer in that vicinity recently became so insane on the subject of spiritualism, that his friends were about to send him as a hopeless maniac to the lunatic asylum. One of his delusions was that he was possessed of "many devils." A physician assured him that the only way to get rid of them was to bleed them to death—a success which the patient stoutly resisted, but the doctor succeeded, and as the blood oozed out, the demented farmer gradually became convinced, by the doctor's logic, that the devils were bled to death, and it is said that he is in a fair way of recovery.

**SIX PLAGUES.**—Sorbierre says that the six plagues of a small town are a lawyer with great knowledge, great sophistry, and no sense for justice; an eminent physician, with little skill or manners; a preacher without any conscience; a quarrelsome soldier; a politician without principles; and a man of letters who eternally dogmatizes.

**INFALLIBLE REMEDIES AGAINST THE GOV.**—Turn postman, or get a situation as usher in a cheap school, or go into the work-house, or, better still, board with a Scotch family.



GILMORE HOUSE AND BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE. (FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY J. H. WHITEHURST, OF BALTIMORE.)